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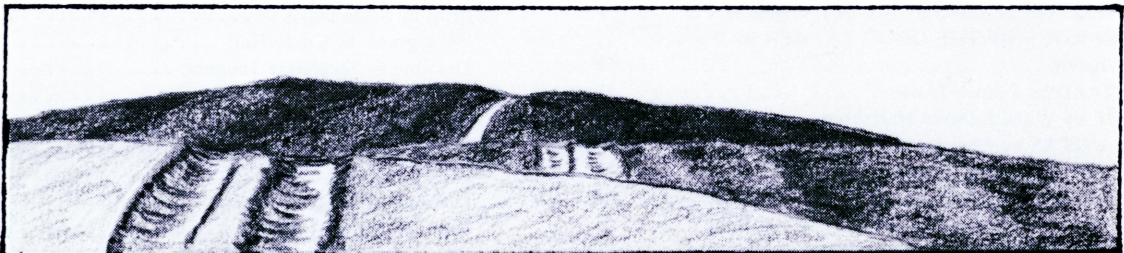
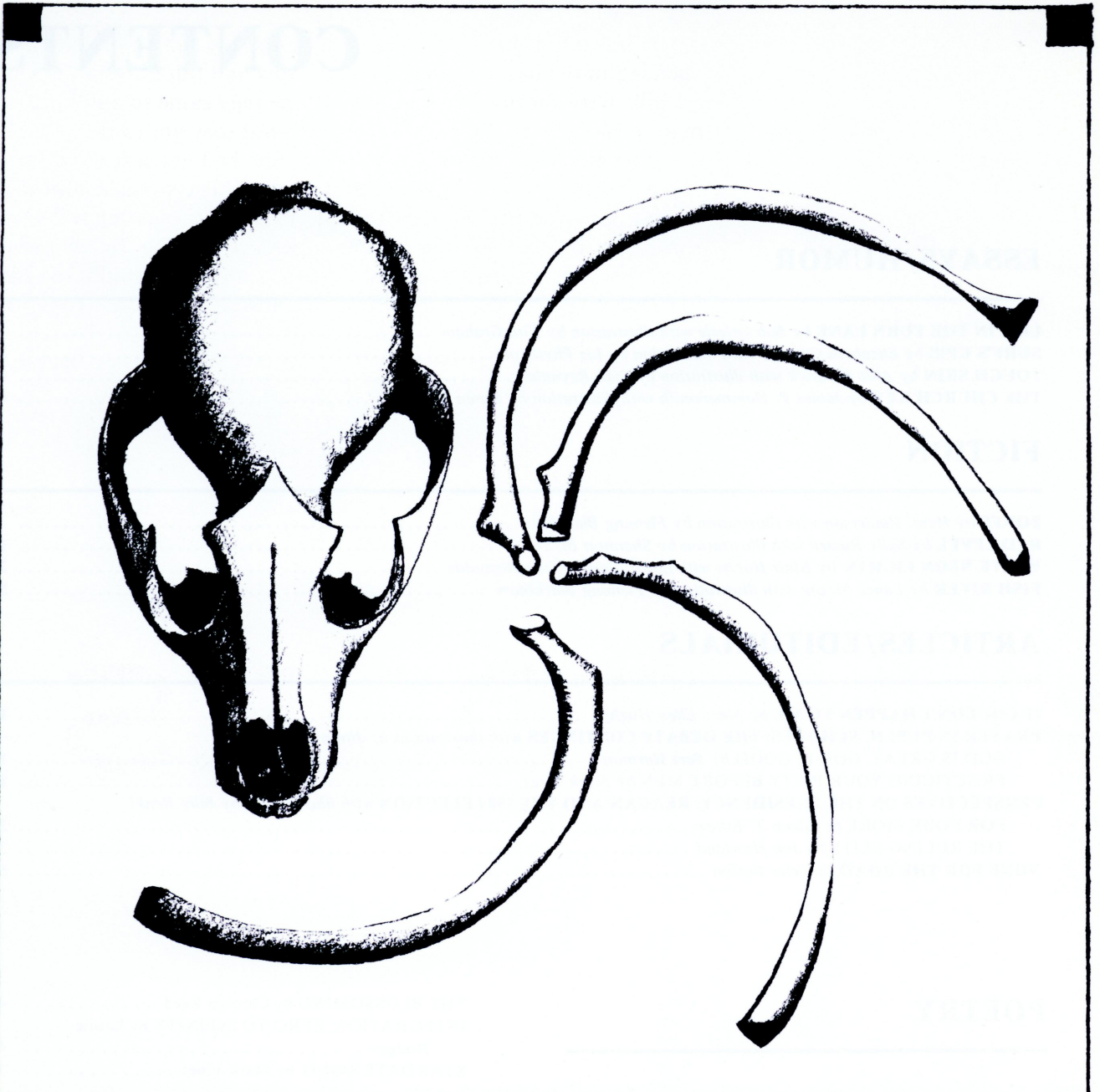


ILLUSTRATION BY FLEMING BLACKBURN

It was late afternoon: hot and hazy and the sun an orange ball suspended in the haze. The road was narrow and full of potholes and the hills were sharp and steep. Every time they came to a hill the young man would grit his back teeth together until they got to the top.

The girl sat in the passenger's seat. She had her seat tilted far back but sat upright, her legs crossed under her. The windshield was thick with bugs and she sighted through one at quick-passing treetops and road signs and telephone poles. Her open eye was the trigger and when the target was sighted she closed it quickly, the shots exploding silently in her head. The young man drove, his eyes half-closed against the distance.

"Well," the girl said, bobbing her head slightly to keep the target in line. "We have to do something."

"Yeah," agreed the young man.

"I mean, we can't just pretend," she said.

The young man didn't say anything.

"You know what?" she said, looking at him quickly, one eye still tightly closed. She wore glasses and had a slight overbite.

"What?"

BONES

BY HANK RAULERSON

"Last night talking on the phone to Mama I had this incredibly strong *urge* to tell her."

He looked at her quickly.

"You didn't, did you?"

"No, stupid, I didn't." She looked back out the window.

"Oh."

After a little while she said, "I mean, it wasn't like a *confession*, or anything. It wasn't guilt. It was like I was incredibly happy and just wanted to tell her."

"I kn--"

"I mean, it just *struck* me that she was my *mother*, you know, that she felt exactly the way I feel now, with *me*. You know?"

"Yeah."

"I think it has to do with cycles," she said, looking out the window.

"What?"

"Cycles. Life cycles, or something."

"Oh."

The bottom third of the sun was red now, like blood poured into the bottom of an orange balloon, the balloon blown up and set on the tops of the trees with long gray clouds streaked across it. The young man had seen the smoke for some time, ahead and off to the left, and now they came up on the burnt-off fields. There were spots of fire still burning and the ground was charred black. He was walking in the field, his booted feet crunching up to the ankle in the ash, the fine black ash-dust lifting into the air, settling into his hair and on his skin, making the bad cigar-butt taste in his mouth, his clumsy booted feet kicking up and uncovering the delicate white bones of small animals strewn about singly or in pairs in the black ash.

"Forgive me if I don't understand," the girl was saying, suddenly, "but I really don't see the problem. I mean, don't you care about *it*? Don't you care about *me*?"

"I don't know what it is."

"You *don't* care about it, do you? You don't, do you?"

He didn't say anything.

"You really don't, do you? You *don't* love me, do you?"

"Listen—"

"You don't, do you? You don't love me."

"Listen, God-dammit."

"Oh my God," she said softly, hugging her knees, rocking a little in the seat, back and forth. "Oh my God. Oh my God."

"You're crazy."

"You don't love me," she said, suddenly looking at him, her voice curiously flat. "You don't. You never have. You haven't ever loved me. All these years."

The young man was quiet, driving.

"You haven't ever loved me," she continued in that same flat voice. "You haven't ever loved anyone. You didn't love your dead mother. You couldn't have. You are dead, yourself. You are a dead man, a corpse. Oh, yes, you talk, you say I love you, you go to bed, of course, you make life, how could something dead make life, it is alive you know, that hurts you doesn't it, that it's alive and you are dead, it's because you are fertilizer, manure, a rotten decaying thing that you make life. Stop the car."

"What?"

"Stop the car. I'm getting out."

"You're insane."

"I'll jump."

"Go ahead."

And she was gone, in the noise, from the seat beside him, the door closed neatly behind her, she was rolling over and over in the grass beside the

road, rolling over and over in that white sweater she was always wearing, coming to rest face down, her head buried in her arms, just like she was asleep, Earl, the young man, watching it all in slow motion in the rear-view mirror, not slowing down any, in fact, accelerating slightly.

"I think it would be nice," the girl was saying, "if we could decide before we got home. That way we could surprise Mama."

"O.K." Earl said. His lips felt strangely long and stiff.

"O.K. what?"

"O.K. we'll get married."

"Are you sure, Earl? I mean, are you absolutely sure you want to?"

"Yes." He smiled at her, his lips enormous. Somewhere, in the very back of his mind, there was the sound of screaming.

"We *will* be happy," the girl said. "I *know* we will. And it'll be cheaper living together and we can still go to school and everything. Oh God, Earl, I can't believe it. I can't wait to tell Mama."

Earl drove, a strange smile on his face. The girl pulled her knees up and hugged them and rested her cheek on one, looking at Earl and smiling. She stayed that way for a long time. Then, rather suddenly, she lifted her head and looked out the window at the sun glowing red through the dark of the trees.

"Earl?" she said, softly.

"What?"

"It's getting dark."

Earl reached out and turned the headlights on, automatically.

Within the Mind of Ginsberg

There are no conch shells here
but surely
if there were
I would hear
a Chopin fugue
or Bach
in reverse.

Laura A. Wright



PRINT BY SUZIE DAVIS



Every day at four-thirty, a small but elite band of volunteers takes to the streets of Auburn and begins a job that will last into the early hours of the morning. Theirs is not glamorous work, but work that is absolutely essential to the survival of the Auburn lifestyle. Paramedics? Beer-truck drivers? No, this is the story of Auburn's pizza delivery people.

I've only been delivering pizzas in Auburn for a few weeks, but already I've learned a lot. One thing I've learned is that nobody gets rich in this business. In fact, one of Auburn's best-kept secrets is that pizza delivery drivers depend on tips for most of their income. We're paid a small hourly wage, a commission that comes to about forty-five cents per pizza, and whatever we get in tips.

One rainy night, I delivered a pizza to one of the hill dorms. While I stood soaking wet in the lobby, a very attractive girl gave me a sympathetic smile as she wrote her check. "What a rotten night to be outside," she said. "Are you allowed to accept tips?"

My eyes lit up. "Why, yes, as a matter of fact I am."

"Oh. Just wondered." She giggled, took her pizza, and skipped up the stairs. Pizza men should carry guns, I decided.

(Think of it: "Our drivers carry less than \$20. And guns.")

Anyway, good tippers are getting harder and harder to find. And some *people* are literally hard to find. I'm convinced that many Auburn students came here to hide from the law. Dozens of times I've had to stop at a pay phone and ask for directions.

Customer: "Whadaya mean, you can't find 317C Wimbley Street? Man, I could find this place in the dark even if I didn't live here!"

Pizza Man: "It is dark."

Customer: "Yeah, right. Okay, turn down the dirt road by the railroad tracks and Wimbley's the third right. Got it? Then go down a ways and there'll be a grey duplex on the left."

Pizza Man: "That's it?"

Customer: "No, I live in a cottage behind there. There's an arrow on the garbage can at the duplex. Follow the arrow and you can't miss my place. Is this your first night or what?"

Pizza Man: "Close to it. Anything else?"

Customer: "Yeah, come around back and through the gate to the back door. And watch out for my dog."

The subject of dogs brings this story to mind. This is true, so help me. A good pizza man never prevaricates.

TURN LIFE IN THE LANE

BY BOB GRIESIE

Back at base one night, one of the other drivers picked up a pizza and looked at the label on the box. He said, "No way, man, I've heard of this chick." He handed me the box. On the label was an address, a girl's name, and in parentheses by the name was written, "DOG!!" She must be horrible, I thought to myself as I drove off.

Prepared for the worst, I got out of my car and headed for the trailer. Even if she had buck teeth and a hairy wart on her chin, I wasn't going to do or say anything unkind. A good pizza man is courteous.

At this point my recollection of the incident becomes sketchy, but I can remember hearing a roar from some bushes off to my left, and suddenly I saw a gigantic, fiendish-looking set of fangs hurtling toward me.

When I came to, I was crouched on the floor of my car, which seemed to be shaking violently and making a hideous howling noise. Looking around inside the car, I found that I had managed to hang on to the pizza. A good pizza man, after all, regards safeguarding the pizza until its delivery is complete as more important than life itself. I climbed up from the floor and looked out the window.

The outside of the window was covered with saliva, but I could make out a pair of paws perched on the car door and beyond them, the teeth I had seen earlier. The teeth were growling at me. I considered tossing the pizza out to pacify the beast. Pizza men are not foolhardy. Just then, from behind the creature, came a female voice:

"C'mon back inside, Boodles, it's just the pizza man." Boodles trotted off, chuckling to himself. "Good, Boodles," she cooed. She called from her doorway, "I told them when I called to warn you about my dog, didn't they tell you?"

"My mistake."

"It's really okay, he doesn't usually bite strangers; he's just real protective of me, that's all. Come on in," she said.

"If it's all the same to you, why don't *you* come over *here* and get your pizza?" I squeaked.

She walked over and I rolled the window down just enough to slide the pizza through. Boodles could come back any second. The girl muttered something like "harmless ol' dawg, wouldn't hurt a flea" as she handed me her check.

"Boodles" seemed like a dumb name for a hellhound, I remember thinking. And the girl was a little on the homely side, too.

Indeed, more than the excitement, more than the pay, it's the people a pizza driver gets to meet that makes the job worthwhile. A couple of weeks ago, I took eight Cokes and two large pizzas with every-

thing but anchovies, forty-five dollars' worth of pizza, to a house a mile or so outside of town. I was expecting to find a keg party in progress, and sure enough I could hear the music from about three blocks away. I parked a safe distance from the house, checked for dogs, carried the pizzas to the door and knocked loudly. Twice. Finally, the door opened.

There, in the door, stood a man in his mid-thirties with a beard and shoulder-length blond hair and a gap between his front teeth. He was naked except for a towel he held around his waist, and he was covered with some sort of oil. No ordinary keg party this, I surmised.

He yelled, just loud enough for me to hear over the stereo, "Hey, great! Come on in, buddy, always room for one more!"

Hmm. "What about the pizzas?" I yelled back as I mulled over the possibilities.

He nodded, followed a shiny trail into the room all the noise was coming from and came back with fifty dollars. "Keep the change," he shouted.

Hmm. Then it hit me. I hadn't seen or heard any girls inside. They must be in the other room with everybody else, I thought. Maybe they're not, I thought. Only one way to find out.

"Gee, I'd love to, man, but my boss would fire me for sure if he found out." I am a chicken at heart. The guy shrugged, flashed me a gap-toothed grin and closed the door. I assume they ate the pizzas, but who knows?

A Problem Case

The baby girls were born
stuck together at the hip;
he heard it on the news.

They said that people
from as far away as
Myrtle Beach and New York
had sent in money
to help with the bills.

One woman claimed
she'd seen God in a vision;
He'd told her to start
a fund-raising campaign.

"Now that is dumb
but kind," he thought;
"I must re-examine my values."

Mike Moyle



PHOTOGRAPH BY CINDY HALL

Making A Lantern

Through the dusk
 My two young brothers
 Run weaving,
 Trying to trap
 Little green blinks
 Inside a mason jar.
 They follow the light,
 Stop, eyes wide—
 The winged emerald winks
 Are quickly enclosed.
 They use an ice pick
 To punch air holes
 To complete their lantern;
 A lamp to their feet
 And a light to their paths,
 That they cannot follow long.

David Scott Ward

Heralds of Spring

Yesterday the sharp northwest and fingers numb
 On the spade; today the bland
 Southeast and sweat beneath the collar, the mind
 Veering springward though some
 Ice on shady banks bares its teeth.
 Jonquils insinuate green
 Emblems of spring through crinkled grass, thin
 And tawny; the bulbs beneath
 Pulse out the vernal voltage, metering daily
 Increments of sun,
 And root-laced soil shines black as the spade drives down.
 Lord, even the jays sing gaily!

Norman A. Brittin

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME

A Personal and Practical Discussion of Sexual Assault

BY MARY ELLEN HUGHES

I never told my family about it. Actually, I was lucky; it could have been much worse. Besides, that seems like a long time ago. I was a senior in a high school on the west side of Jacksonville, Florida.

I lived up to the stereotype of the know-it-all high-school senior. I was a competitive young woman, involved in all the "right" activities: newspaper editor, vice president of a couple of clubs, honor society member—all the stuff that looks great on a resume'. The newspaper held my heart and soul. The *103rd Street News*, a four-year-old, school/community paper with a circulation of 7,000, required total dedication. Especially problematic was selling enough ads to meet printing costs. My advertising manager quit halfway through the year, and our volunteer staff didn't pick up the slack. We ended in a make-or-break situation with the February issue: either raise the needed advertising or be forced to fold.

Giving up was out of the question; I refused to believe that the paper could die. Therefore, some of the staff members and I infiltrated the neighborhood businesses in an attempt to sell more advertising. This particular afternoon was a sunny but cold Friday

in January.

Our strategy was to split up and pump an area for ads, then drive down the street and repeat the process. The afternoon was wearing the chill of early evening when I crossed Jammes Road near the busy 103rd Street intersection. A young man dressed in blue jeans crossed the road at the same time. He was about my age and was staring at his hand, saying, "Damn, damn," as if to damn that appendage for what it was about to do. I ignored him.

Suddenly, that damned hand clasped my chest. Another wedged between my legs, pulling me down to the sidewalk. The man I had ignored was attacking me. I thought, "This isn't happening. This *can't* be happening to me." Every limb of my body froze with fear, but somehow my voice found its way out of my throat. I screamed for a two-minute eternity, while my attacker squeezed and groped me like a vicious housewife in search of fresh fruit. I couldn't look into his face. I was afraid of what I might see there—anguish, fear, insane pleasure? Surely, that boy I saw staring at his hand two minutes before had been transformed by his actions into some horrible monster. "Someone help me," I thought, and continued

screaming.

The help I screamed for never came, although rush hour traffic was waiting at the stop light 50 feet away. I was so terrified I couldn't move, couldn't fight back. My screaming, however, must have been enough to dismiss any thought of rape my attacker might have had. He finished his groping, leaving my clothes and purity intact, and ran down the road. I was left sprawled on the sidewalk against a telephone pole, my advertising clipboard still firmly cradled in my right arm.

Standing up, I dusted myself off and stared in outrage at the apathetic drivers making their determined way through the intersection. No one had even made an attempt to help me. I numbly walked away from the scene. I never looked back to see where my assailant had run. I didn't want to know where he had gone; I didn't want to think of him perhaps smiling triumphantly about the woman he'd just belittled.

Instead, I went in search of Amy, the driver in the ad group, and completely broke down when I found her and tried to explain what had happened. Amy spotted a police car and asked me if I wanted to report the crime. I said no. I was embarrassed by what the

attacker had done to me—violating the privacy of my body. It was as if somehow I shared in the guilt of the incident. I was unconsciously perpetuating the often-held notion that women who “parade in public” are “asking for it.” Rationally, I knew I had done nothing wrong, but I still couldn’t erase my confused feelings. Thus, I failed to report the assault and ad hunting continued as planned—except that Amy stayed in the car with me the rest of the time.

It seemed strange that I was unable to cope with the attack. I mean, here I was, a senior meeting the challenge of publishing a large school paper with a staff of 50 people, and I couldn’t even report a crime. I didn’t tell my family, either. I spent that night at Amy’s house because I knew that if I stayed home my parents would sense that something was wrong.

Amy took me to the roller skating rink with a friend of hers that night. I suppose she was trying to get my mind off what had happened. But when I stepped into the rink with all those strangers, I panicked. All I wanted to do was find the nearest corner and hide. I felt so frail and powerless.

That vulnerability was alien to the never-say-die attitude of the editor side of me. And knowing that I couldn’t protect myself, that I froze when confronted with danger, scared the hell out of me. Oh, we got the February issue out, but our temporary advertising success was somehow lost in the shuffle of my emotions.

I never passed that intersection without giving the telephone pole a furtive glance. I always regretted that I didn’t report the incident, though I doubt the police would have given it much priority. Hell, I didn’t even fight my assailant back. I think I might have salvaged some of my injured self-respect if I had been able at least to knee him solidly in the groin. I sometimes

wonder if that man’s violence increased, propelling him on to rape or murder.

It’s strange how victims of sexual crimes accept their plight so passively. After being groped and forced down to the sidewalk by a strange man, I didn’t run to the police screaming for justice. All I knew then was that I was forced to share the vulgarity of the incident, and I felt guilty and ashamed.

However, time healed much of the initial fright of the incident, and I learned to try to avoid taking any unnecessary risks. But eventually I also realized that being paranoid wasn’t the answer. After all, no one can live in a totally sheltered, safe environment. There are times when one is in potentially dangerous situations, and women especially must learn to deal with these threats to safety.

After reading some material on sexual assaults,* I realized that women must understand that the rapist is a human being, instead of a monster. Often, a man who rapes is frightened and angered by years of female rejection. Even in an age of supposed equality, society still places pressure on men to do the pursuing. Men are taught that if they want something, they are to go out and get it. When an already disturbed man doesn’t get what society says is rightfully his, his resentment builds and he may rape to vent his frustration.

Only by understanding that an assailant is a person, can a woman minimize her fear. By not looking at my attacker, I had eliminated the chance to discover that he wasn’t the monster I thought him to be. I’m not saying that I sympathize with the man; I’m saying that



DRAWING BY STEPHANIE TAUGNER

by thinking of him as a monster I heightened my fear. Thus, I froze. My body was telling me I had no mental resources on which to depend. It's natural to be dazed by fear, but if the incident had been more serious I would have had to decide what action to take.

Actually, kneeling an attacker in the groin is a bad idea. Chances are you won't succeed, especially if the man is much bigger than you. And the action would definitely be interpreted as antagonistic. The last thing you want to do is antagonize a rapist—it will only tell him to increase his violence. An attacker has the element of surprise on his side, making the use of weapons even less functional. Other popular methods of defense, such as karate or mace, become likewise useless when the man has had ten years of karate compared to your two or that mace you carry around is in your purse (which flew into the bushes when you were grabbed).

Thus, the only real solution to an assault situation must come from the victim herself. Going into a stunned, silent daze is probably the safest initial reaction to being grabbed during an assault, because it cannot be taken as antagonistic. And the attacker will soon realize that he can loosen his hold or doesn't need to hit you. But don't stop thinking; use your imagination to decide what to do next. If your initial reaction is to scream or fight, stop as soon as you realize what you're doing,

unless you are positive that someone nearby will come to your aid.

The rapist wants to get close to you, but the victim should want that, too—for her own safety. When standing up, a man has more leverage than the typically smaller female. This advantage is cut in half when lying down, so if he is trying to force you down to the ground, don't fight it. Depending on the situation, the next action you take may be mental or physical. In past cases women have come up with ingenious ways of turning their attackers off.

One woman told the man she would be glad to have sex with him, but she had her period and couldn't. He didn't know how to react, so he let her go. Another woman who knew she was being followed turned the tables on the potential rapist. She stopped, turned around, and asked the stunned man if he would see her safely home. She handed him her key, and he responded accordingly to the trust placed in him. He left her safely at her door, and she went in and called the police. In one case pretending to faint was enough to scare the attacker off; and still another woman, faced with date rape, discouraged the man by urinating on him.

Only in directly life-threatening situations, such as when an attacker is about to knife you or otherwise injure you, should you respond with equal violence. One sure way of incapacitating him is by pressing your thumbs onto his eyes

with force. This will, at the least, cause him to pass out from shock and if much force is used, will kill him. Another way is to put your hand gently on his testicles and then, without warning, squeeze hard. Both of these methods require one thing: that you get close to him. Only by gaining his confidence or playing along with him can you ever have a chance to employ one of these methods.

Women shouldn't be overcome by the fear of rape, but they should intelligently think about the subject in case they are ever confronted with the situation. In fact, FBI statistics from the 1970s indicated that in large cities 85 out of every 100,000 women are raped. So the chances are that you will never be a victim. But of those who are, 75 percent will not be injured beyond the actual sexual assault. Thus, the two incapacitation methods mentioned are unnecessary in most assaults.

The important thing is to be prepared. Don't be immobilized simply because there is no repertoire of knowledge to fall back on. That's what occurred in my case. And I thought it could never happen to me.

*An excellent source of information, only a sampling of which is included here, is *How to Say No to a Rapist and Survive* by Frederic Storaska, a past executive director of the National Organization for the Prevention of Rape and Assault.

The Burden of the Good Father for Ruth

On his morning walk a blind man
missed the house
went on up the dirt road
brought his son-in-law
the preacher out, his daughter
burned dinner.

Let off a schoolbus in the afternoon
he felt along a dirty string
they had tied from the mailbox
up the steps to his door.

What's a preacher gonna do,
can't tie string but
down to a road, and
the road always goes away.

Wallace Whatley

Though riotous spring rituals
 Of men and women resound with the
 Tympani of triumph—having
 Wintered another season—they are
 Met with days of cavernous silence
 By earth's prudent ease in waking.
 Seeing only the sudden blossom appear,
 We stare in amaze apparently
 Hearing the golden trumpeted daffodil
 Blare the announcement of spring;
 Or belated glance meets the eye of
 The fluttering anemone, pupilled
 In the depth of purple, rimmed in white
 And petalled with a girl's lashes
 Of richest magenta. And we image
 The earthshaking urge of the greening
 Force as explosions of beauty.

But the closer eye attends cautiously
 The quiet nudge of soil, testing of air
 By moistly pale-green slender leaves
 (hardly priapic thrust toward consummation).
 Soft suggestions of color to come
 Slowly hint at themselves through
 Tissued translucence of leaf.
 A culmination of stirred earth finally
 Flowers the fields with sinuous dancers
 Costumed in brimming colors which trick
 The teeming eye to festive sights.
 A patient, keener vision sees
 Such silent rites as rightly belong
 To a calmer wisdom
 Than comes from the agitated images
 Of a frantic human drama.

Francis Ginanni



DRAWING BY DAMA RIDDICK



RED LEVEL

BY SALLY RUSSELL

The cool water swirled pleasantly around her ankles as she slipped them cautiously into the small stream. It had rained recently so the stream was abnormally deep and refreshingly clear. It had always seemed beautiful to her, the most beautiful place in the whole world she somehow knew, though she had never been out of the state. Even last week, which had been so hot and dry, when the group of construction workers had lunched there every day, leaving behind their cola bottles and brightly colored wrappers and bags, it had still been beautiful to her. It had been beautiful to her on that cold day so long ago when her mother had told her to stay away from it, because the county was letting sewage in there.

Somehow then she had begun to love it even more. Looking now at the miniature caves and valleys and bays, she felt that it was her kingdom, a miniature of all the magical and beautiful worlds she had read about and seen on television. Her eyes watered a little now, and she was overcome with pride as she looked down on her little world. As she slid her legs down into the water the memory hit her vividly and she paled in remembering the pain that had finally convinced her to go through with it. She was stronger today, much stronger, now that she had a plan, a direction. Now she could face them without shivering. It must have occurred a million times in her short life. Before it had owned her, picked at her. Lying in her bed, once the rest of them had finally gotten to sleep, she could feel the fear. It was as if that horrible red-faced feeling was peering in her very own bedroom window, laughing and shouting to the world what a coward she was.

But now she had defeated them. And today, when she had left the decaying grocery store to spend her lunch hour at the stream, she had not even thought to look at them as she passed by, the ones who seemed to live at the store, confusing her with their endless small talk and jokes. Because now she did not care whether they teased her about eating by the drainage ditch in the hot weather instead of in the nice,

cool stock room. And for the first time in her life she had not trembled walking by the young workers drinking in the parking lot, did not care if they realized she ate so late in the day to avoid their company.

Why yesterday had been so much worse than the other days she did not know. Perhaps it was Mr. Feggin's joke about the black guy and the dog. She had laughed in her polite, mortified way, but she had felt, as she so often did, that he was telling that joke because it made her blush and drop things, which seemed to amuse him more than any joke ever could. Then there were the young workmen; they were always the worst. Maybe it was the way she walked out of the stuffy air-conditioned store, thrilled to be enveloped in the warmth of the hot summer day. So thrilled, in fact, that she forgot all about the workers, thus accidentally coming face-to-face with them all, and almost bumping into the biggest one—and then he had winked at her and the others had laughed. Whether it was that or the joke or both that had convinced her, she did not know.

But she had broken free and run all the way to her stream. By the time she'd gotten there she knew what she was going to do. A calm had overtaken her, a calm deeper even than the calmness she felt looking at her stream. It was duty, not fear, that had made her go home that night. She just couldn't stand the thought of Jimmy and the kids going to

bed without a good meal in them. And it had given her time to plan it out, write a note, and all such things that she felt one should do at such a time. Also, she admitted to herself, she would not trade that final day of triumph at the store for anything. Now they would remember her as strong, undefeated, unshaken by their mean ways.

A bird sang overhead; a couple of dragonflies played gently just above the surface of the stream. She slid her body gracefully into the water. She found its coolness soothing. As she laid her head down it seemed as if she could feel the water opening up, pulling her into its heart. The water was up around her face now. She pulled in a final breath with her nose and went under. Now she was surrounded by the rushing goodness of the water. She had heard that it was impossible to drown oneself intentionally, but she was different; she was strong. She knew she could do it.

Little Jimmy was tired and hungry. "If I don't find her soon," he thought, "we're gonna hafta eat at Granma's again." Then he saw her. He was not surprised. He nudged her head gently with the toe of his boot; she started and opened her eyes.

His little voice rang out clear through the woods. "I found her," he shouted, "she was just lyin in the ditch again."

Cache

All across the yard
The acorns' caps are letting go,
Loosing slow showers
Precipitously among a mosaic
Of brittle leaves.

The grey squirrel's fur thickens.
A thinning west wind
Whistles sharp in his ear,
And whisks last shades
Of rust from the baring Black Gum tree.

His scurrious diggings
Quickened. Hunched over
A blurring of front paws,
It stops, pushes and plants the nut, covers
and leaves.

All across the yard
The stone-grey Oaks shrug their coats,
And thicken.

William David Hartshorn



PHOTOGRAPH BY CINDY HALL

Humanitas

Bones, he said,
There is no room for us.
There is no room left to us,
And tomorrow we shall be trespassers.
And as he spoke he brought his heart down hard,
And drew a straight line with his beard.

Bones shook dust from his eyes,
Clacked his jaw,
And lifted a phalange to his ear:
An almost sound he almost heard,
Like a half-thought thought
Or elusive notion.
He rolled his eyes up into his skull,
And his hair turned gray.

Bones, he said,
We are lost.
We are altogether lost,
For as much as I have searched,
And as much as I have toiled,
And as much as I have wrought,
In all the everywhere I have slept and reaped,
There is not us.

Bones dipped his shriveled head,
Curled a finger about his thigh,
And tugged on his smile.

Bones, he said,
We are utterly other.
We are other than all things,
For all the things that I have touched,
And all the things that I have pushed,
And all the things that I have ruined,
And all the everything I have everywhere carried on my back
Is not us.
And as he finished he brought his wrist to his nose,
And held it there,
Waiting to sniff.

Bones rolled his eyes into their sockets
And listened to the sound.
And it was the sound of Ravens,
Sanctifying ancient dust,
Justifying ancient rites,
Validating ancient lore,
And they ruffled to his plot,
Perched,
One at his head,
One at his feet,
And one upon the stone.

A femur turned to ash,
And the Ravens rose in the dead air,
Settling in the arms of a dead oak,
And eyed the dead earth.

Bones quivered, and, drawing breath,
Rattled at the empty sky:
The Law of Archetypes is Absolute;
The Vertices endure.

A fibula cracked his pelvis,
The smile slipped through his ribs,
A Mastodon nudged his spine.
Uncurling his finger from around his thigh,
He baited the hook and retrieved his smile.
The thigh sank in the mud,
And he covered his face with his hands.
For the Ravens, he said,
There is hope.

anonymous

PRAAYER IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS: The Debate Continues

God is Great, God is Good

By Bart Harmon

God is great, God is good,
and we thank Him for our
food. By His hands we all
are fed, give us, Lord, our
daily bread. Amen.

Quite alarming words issued from the mouths of school children, wouldn't you say? Words that threaten society and civilization as we know it. In a sense, you might say that. It is in abhorrence of these pre-meal prayers that a Mobile man, Ishmael Jaffree, is taking the state of Alabama to suit.

When invited to support prayer in public schools, I decided to approach the issue from two perspectives: legalities (Does the Constitution allow school prayer?) and ethics (Should we encourage school prayer?).

Regarding legalities, my primary argument is that the First Amendment (Congress shall make no law respecting the Establishment of Religion) was never meant to be interpreted as it is now. Our country was founded upon the belief in One God, the Lord God Almighty. This fact can be established from many documents which were the basis for the colonies and, later, the United States. The Mayflower Compact of 1621 is a

good example. Though only a few paragraphs long, it contains no less than five references to our Lord, with such phrases as "in the name of God," and "by the grace of God." This acknowledgement of God and reliance upon His sovereignty is also clear in our Declaration of Independence: "Nature's God," "endowed by their Creator" and "appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World."

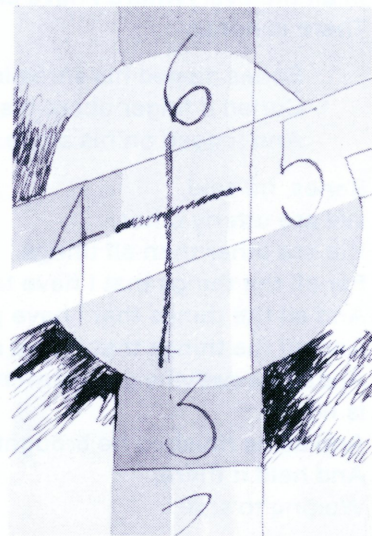
Documented speeches by James Madison, author of the Establishment Clause, overwhelmingly demonstrate that this clause was meant only to prohibit the establishment of a national religious denomination. Madison assured the other representatives that the clause was in no way hostile to all religions.

This narrower interpretation is lent much support by the content of the First Congress's legislation. The same Congressmen who adopted the Establishment Clause also believed that "religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind; (and therefore) schools and the means of education (including the above) shall be *forever* encouraged." These words appear in the Northwest Ordinance passed in 1789. The first Congress saw no conflict between

the Establishment Clause and this legislation; should we?

Respecting the application of this clause to the states, the Establishment Clause is applicable only to the federal, not to the state, government. The Supreme Court of New Hampshire held this position in *Hale v. Everett* (1868), when it maintained that:

The whole power over the subject of religion is left exclusively to the state governments, to be acted upon according to their own sense of justice and the State Constitutions....Christianity ought to receive encouragement



from the state, so far as not incompatible with the private rights of conscience and the freedom of religious worship.

The district court which originally heard Jaffree's case concurred with the preceding arguments and dismissed the case.

Having examined the legalities of the question, we still must address the ethical implications. Should we encourage school prayer? I think this question falls somewhat short of the more central issue, however. Ideally, the teachers as well as the children would be genuine Christian believers, and prayer in the school would naturally follow. Unfortunately, this is not always the case. Personally, and more practically, my children will pray as they wish no matter how the court rules. The laws of God are paramount to the dictates of society. The heart of the issue lies here.

Once our country was established on the belief that there were final or ultimate standards, called absolutes, but now these absolutes are being eroded by humanism.

Francis A. Schaeffer, philosopher and theologian, explains it this way in his book, *How Should We Then Live?*:

There must be an absolute if there are to be morals, and there must be an absolute if there are to be real values. If there is no absolute beyond man's ideas, then there is no final appeal to judge between individuals and groups whose moral judgments conflict. We are merely left with conflicting opinions.

(p. 145)

When we forbid prayer in schools, the skip of the stone creates many other ripples. In effect, we are saying to society, "There is no God; there is no need for His sovereignty to be recognized in such an enlightened society as ours." This lie is echoed and amplified each time a humanistic tenet is substituted for a Judeo-Christian truth. We begin to slip further and further into the abyss of situational ethics—what I feel is right today, I may feel is wrong tomorrow or vice-versa. We do not need to look far for such an

example. In the same year that the Supreme Court saved the snail darter by restraining a multimillion dollar dam project, it sanctioned the death of thousands of human beings through the legalization of abortion.

Once the freedom for which our country is known loses the structure provided by Judeo-Christian values, that freedom will degenerate to its natural conclusion—chaos. A country, society, or individual which lacks absolutes or universals for a base has chosen for itself a route that leads only to pessimism and destruction. Our only hope as a nation is to return to the foundation on which our land was built. And that foundation is God Almighty. The elimination of school prayer is simply the removal of one more stone from a once-solid foundation.

Yet, we cannot look to God as a pragmatic solution to reglue a degenerating society. Only individuals who seek such truth, as truth, and find it to be the Lord God and the personal salvation of His Son, Christ Jesus, will find hope for tomorrow.

God is Great, God is Good.

Practicing Your Piety Before Men

By Mark Estes

Yes, friends. God has been banished from our schools.

What a curious thing to say. I'm sure that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the omnipotent Creator of the Universe would be curious to know how a few scraggly old men in black robes could throw Him out of anywhere He didn't want to leave. Yet there are quite a few television evangelists who claim that the Supreme Court did that very thing when they banned

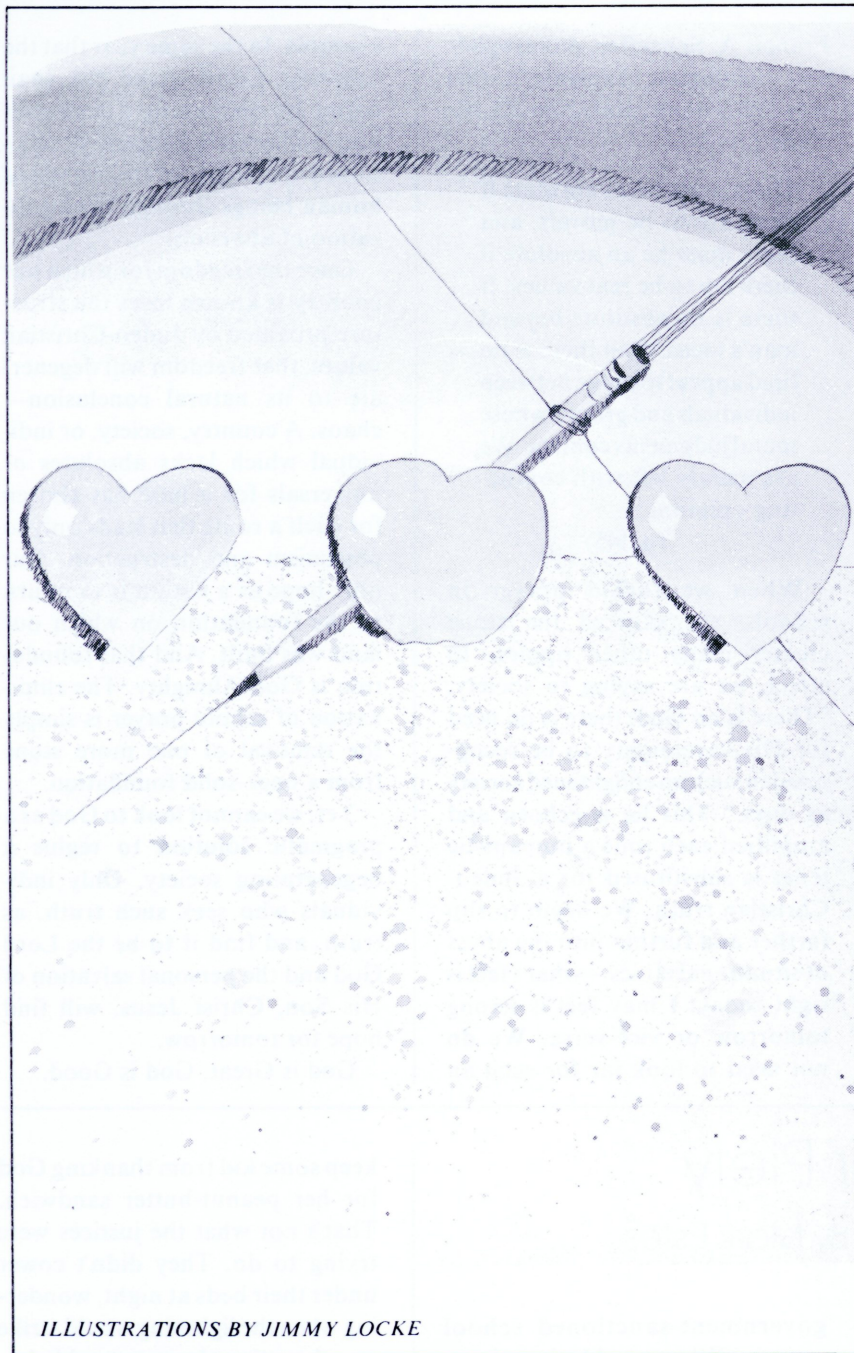
government-sanctioned school prayer. Why would the pious, pastel-leisure-suit crowd make such a brash claim?

Let's get one thing straight from the beginning. Kids are free to pray in schools right now. Truly voluntary prayer, prayer initiated by the individual, not the government, already exists in schools, and the government couldn't do anything to remove prayer even if it wanted to.

Supreme Court justices can't barge into the school cafeteria and

keep some kid from thanking God for her peanut-butter sandwich. That's not what the justices were trying to do. They didn't cower under their beds at night, wondering when the lightning would strike or when the plagues would descend. They knew that those children who really wanted to talk to God would do it without asking permission from the government. The justices were saying that it's not the government's job to decide which religion, sect, or denomination is best. That job should be left to the individual, and to collections of individuals known as "churches."

However, some evangelists feel that it's not enough to let children



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIMMY LOCKE

pray only when they want to—when the Spirit moves them, and when they respond to the non-coercive love of God with freely given love of their own. This kind of reflexively spiritual prayer is *too* voluntary for them; they feel that children need to be pushed into praying, compelled to pray through peer pressure or some other coercive means.

School prayer seems quite fair if the school population is completely

homogenous. Suppose it's not, though. Is it fair to make seven-year-old Presbyterians sit through a daily reading of the Book of Mormon? Is it fair to make eight-year-old predestinarian Primitive Baptists listen to a prayer made up by their United Methodist teacher? Is it fair to make ten-year-old United Methodists lie prostrate in the chalk dust and pencil shavings, their heads facing Mecca?

Some people might say that no

one would *make* those children participate in such forms of prayer. But let me ask you, how many of you had enough guts when you were in elementary school (or junior high, or high school) to get up and leave the room during class-time, to refuse to participate in something which the entire class took part in? I'm sure we've all felt the heat of embarrassment prickling our brows, as all the eyes of our classmates fell upon us when we did something strange or unusual or different. Few would go out of their way to embarrass themselves like this by walking out of the classroom during "prayer time." And the situation would be even worse if the teacher were a fiercely evangelical Protestant, Catholic, Moslem, Mormon, or Moonie.

But all of the arguments I've given so far ignore a rather important personality involved in the school-prayer debate. Apparently, though, He has often been ignored when talking about school prayer. It seems as if He would have been the first person to ask about the issue. Perhaps they have asked, and just haven't listened to His answer. Jesus, the Christ, had a few things to say about public prayer:

Beware of practicing your piety before men in order to be seen by them; for then you will have no reward from your Father who is in heaven.

And when you pray, you must not be like the hypocrites; for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and at the street corners, that they may be seen by men. Truly, I say to you, they have their reward. But when you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret, and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.

—Matthew 6:1, 5-6 (RSV)

One Word

One
word
dropped
into the mind
sets up ripples, tickles,
echoes, whispers; in widening
circles of consciousness you have no choice:
like the silent wave that marches, miles deep
across the faceless fathoms from the earthquake of its birth
to flail at fifty feet the hapless houses
so are you taken up and flung
hard on the bitter solitary black shore,
soul's foundation shaken like a fault.

Peter Button

On Call

We walk in tall and out small
Our hands buried in our lab coats
Fumbling for the tubes of glass and sharp-tipped syringes
Down the shiny hall through half-darkened corridors
In the late hours of the night
There is no one to comfort us

The patients sleep quietly
We enter the mausoleum-like room, sterile and cold
His arm extends toward us shaking
Arm, head, eyes quaking
The words "What's your name?" slowly crawl off his rough, low voice
and fall on the floor

We speak loudly, holding his hand and patting it
"I don't have nobody" rolls off his dry tongue and
falls on the floor

We again tell him we're here to help and we comfort him
He coughs, gags—the words "Go ahead, I ain't got nowheres else to go"
fall out in our laps and roll to the floor and
dissolve

Needles go in, blood out
And we shuffle out the door and down the hall
As the words "I got nowheres else to go" follow on the floor behind us

Bill J. Lester



"Hear that Coke cooler, Piebald? It's hummin' an E-flat."

Truman leaned over and pulled his saxophone case out from under the counter. He opened the black box and took out a shiny, golden saxophone. After sucking on the reed for a while, he gingerly placed it on the mouthpiece and played an E-flat.

"Ugh, man, that's not in tune. Sometimes the same two notes just don't sound alike. The E-flat I played was too flat. I gotta lip it up," said Truman as he tried to smooth out the curly brown locks on his head with a long, slender hand.

He played the note again and listened for a second. When he was perfectly in tune with the refrigerator, he looked at the big, spotted man and winked affectionately.

"Wow, T-Truman, you p-play just like that C-Coke cooler! C-Can you make that th-thing sound like s-something else?" shouted Piebald. He quickly tossed down the "Exotic Encounters" he was reading and made four giant steps from the magazine stand to the checkout counter. He looked at the sax with his dim, middle-aged eyes and leaned over the rack of butane lighters and pickled pigs' feet to get his ear closer to the horn.

"What tunes do you know? I'll play something for you," said Truman.

"Ummmmm, let m-me see now. Miss Flowers, sh-she sung me a song j-just yesterday. Sh-She told me to sing it back to her on Monday when she comes to s-save me. Th-The song is c-called 'Amazing Grace.' C-can you play 'Amazing Grace,' Truman?" asked Piebald.

Truman put the horn to his mouth and spelled out the song note by note. Piebald's mouth dropped open with amazement. He scratched his crew-cut and his freckled face turned red with excitement.

WHITE NEON LIGHTS AND BLACK EMPTY NIGHTS

BY BLAIR HOBBS

"W-Wow, Truman! You're s-so smart! I can tell Miss Fl-Flowers you play real g-good. Then she'll let m-me come to the store whenever I w-want to. She thinks y-you play heathen music for drunks. Sh-She'll be s-so happy when sh-she hears you play church m-music. I won't h-have to sneak up here at n-night. Miss Fl-Flowers will let me stay here all day long!" Piebald's words shot out of his mouth like broken bullets out of a machine gun.

Truman opened a book of alto-sax music and searched for his recital piece. After he propped the book against an empty battery rack, he began to finger the notes of his Haydn piece.

"Look, man, Miss Flowers doesn't want you hangin' around this joint 'cause you get off on those sex magazines. Besides, I only work the night shift and I don't make a habit of playing hymns while I'm here. You know that woman doesn't like you being around me."

Piebald's lips shriveled up like dead rose petals, and he made a whining sound through his nose. He was disappointed to hear that he would still have to sneak into the Stop & Save to see Truman. Truman was the first and only friend he had had since he had been on his own. Piebald used to have friends at the state institution, but since his return home he'd been alone. Truman listened to Piebald and filled his life with music.

Piebald lowered his puffy face and sauntered back to the magazine shelves, his tail between his legs, and picked up a magazine with a pair of naked women wrestlers pictured on the cover. He stared at the magazine for an hour while Truman's dark brown eyes studied the pages in his music book. The only sound besides Truman's music was the constant hum of the Coke cooler and the distant chirping of birds greeting the hazy sun that peeked over the horizon like a wet ball of cotton.

The next night was clear and bright. The light of the full moon was as white as the neon lights that kept the Stop & Save buzzing through the dark hours of late night and early morning. When Truman drove up to the Stop & Save parking lot, he saw Piebald waiting outside for him. Truman could see Piebald's roundish, grey silhouette propped up on a green garbage dumpster. Piebald never went into the store unless Truman was working. The other employees seemed to be afraid of him and made him feel uncomfortable. Particularly Ushas Morrow, a yellow-eyed man who worked the late morning shift. He's the one who sicced Miss Flowers on Piebald.

"Hey, man, you're early tonight," said Truman in a happy, surprised voice.

Piebald stepped into the light of the red-and-green Stop & Save sign. A smile crawled from one ear to the other, and the crooked wrinkles of his child-like face bent into swirls of happiness.

"Yep, I h-heard M-Miss Flowers was lookin' for me. Th-Thought I'd best hide over here. I don't feel l-like gettin' prayed for tonight."

The two walked into the store together. Piebald shuffled his big, clumsy feet to the back wall and grabbed a banana moon pie and diet Pepsi. The young, red-headed girl who worked the shift before Truman stood like a mountain behind the counter. Piebald stared at her from across the room, climbing every peak and valley with his curious eyes. When she caught him staring at her, she gave a disgusted

sigh, grabbed a carton of Marlboro lights and marched out of the store without saying "boo."

"She sure is a p-purty peach," Piebald said with a smiling face full of yellow crumbs.

"She's a bitch," Truman said as he walked over to the detergent shelves to pick up a container of Bon Ami that had dropped to the floor. "Man, I wish you wouldn't eat that garbage. Why don't you eat real food? Something good for you like fruits and vegetables. If you take care of yourself you'll feel like a new man," Truman said as he picked up the cleanser.

Piebald pretended he didn't hear Truman and continued to shove bits of moon pie into his pouting face. He shuffled over to the magazine shelves, kicking his untied shoelaces as he went. With a pale freckled hand he picked up an "Exotic Encounters" and leaned against the long glass window that stretched from one side of the Stop & Save to the other. While Piebald stared at naked women, Truman sold a plastic egg full of pantyhose to a young woman. After she left, the store was still and Truman lost himself in music.

It was around one a.m. when the serene atmosphere of the Stop & Save was burned to bits by a fire-breathing woman. She violently opened the store's front doors and held them open as she scanned the surprised faces of Piebald and Truman. She lifted an index finger and pointed it at Piebald.

"Lord, bless his sinful soul, for he knoweth not where his blindness leadeth!" screamed the woman.

Truman took the horn out of his mouth, and Piebald tried to hide behind a stand of beef jerky. Miss Flowers closed the door behind her and mashed her Living Bible against her concave chest. She stood still for moment, looking a trifle embarrassed over her dramatic entrance. When she began to breathe regularly again, she squinted up her eyes and poked her nose in the air, trying to look mean and disgusted. But her attempt was futile. She was too cute to look mean. She had soft, fluorescent yellow hair that sat up on her little head like a pile of sticky cotton candy. Her body was bony and bird-like, and her Pepto-Bismol pink polyester dress fluttered around her knees like butterfly wings. To Truman, she looked like a fragile angel, but not a standard all-American-draped-in-a-white-sheet-with-Reynolds-Wrap-wings-sticking-out-the-back angel; Miss Flowers looked almost like an angel put together with tiny bits of broken stone. She looked like a Byzantine mosaic; a long thin woman with a golden halo surrounding her face. She was a pretty fixture to be stared at and passed by. Truman recognized her beauty but tried to avoid her good intentions. He felt she was cold and full of black

lines.

"May I help you, ma'am?" asked Truman in a flat voice.

Miss Flowers tucked a stray hair back into its nest, blew her nose, and bird-walked to the checkout counter. She leaned over a box of fruitcakes, aimed her mouth at Truman's ear and whispered in a powdery voice.

"I believe there's an evil wolf gnawin' on Maynard's insides. The only way to tame that wolf is with the hand of the Lord. I am a soldier of the Lord's army—armed with His hand." She paused, looking very impressed with herself, and pointed at the neck-strap around Truman's neck. "Now, I know you play that thang at them nightclubs downtown and I pray for your salvation. But you were blessed by His eternal grace with a whole mind and a complete soul. Our brother Maynard is lackin' in both departments and he must be saved in the eyes of the Lord. I shall show him the light of the Lord's glory and deliver him from the evil of this sinful world." Miss Flowers turned around and smiled at Piebald. "Maynard, you put that trash back where you found it, hear me?"

Maynard O. Roberts was Piebald's real name and the only name Miss Flowers called him. Everybody else just called him Piebald because of the large, brown spots patching his white, doughy skin.

Piebald looked down at the magazine he held in his puffy hands. He reluctantly put it back on the shelf and dropped his arms at each side of his body. He gazed up at Miss Flowers with a now-what look on his face.

"Maynard, let's go do us a little prayin'. It's way past my bedtime, but there is no curfew for those who spread His Word. The more you bury yourself in sin, the more diggin' there is for me. Good evenin', Truman."

Truman stood still as a stone and stared at the angel as she flew out of the store with the fallen soul following her. Truman dug his toes into the rubber soles of his rainbow-colored thongs in anger. Through the window, he could see the two drive out of the parking lot in Miss Flower's black Dodge and down the street to Piebald's house.

Minutes later, the two reached the white, cinder-block house where a yellow porch light illuminated a few dead moths stuck to the front screen door. Miss Flowers and Piebald walked inside the house and stood staring at each other in the dust and emptiness of the hallway.

"Maynard, this is it. You either witness this evenin' or go straight to hell. God has had it with you. Now lead me to your little boy's room," said Miss Flowers as her right eye twitched and her nos-

trils flared.

"Miss Fl-Flowers, you know I ain't g-got no little boy," replied Piebald.

Miss Flowers sighed with the impatience of a hard-to-please mother. "Maynard, I meant your bathroom."

Miss Flowers' words stung so bad that Piebald winced as she spoke. He slowly turned and walked down the black hallway until he reached the bathroom at the end. Miss Flowers took off her Easy Street pumps and followed him, trying her hardest not to step on a smelly leisure suit that seemed to be crawling across the prune-colored carpet. Piebald shut the toilet lid and sat down while Miss Flowers tippy-toed to a round bath mat that Piebald bought on sale at J.C. Penney's. The angelic woman stood still for a moment and scanned the small, blue-tiled bathroom. She seemed indifferent to what she saw until her eye caught sight of a stack of magazines lying neatly against the sky-blue wall. Still tippy-toeing, she moved closer to the stack of magazines to make sure that the woman wrestler on the front cover was really naked. When her suspicion was confirmed, she stood up as straight as a board and grinned a fearfully sweet smile.

"I see your friend Truman has joined forces with the devil in the pursuit of your corruption. Imagine, a man so low that he'd coerce an innocent man to buy a magazine which displays filthy women in nothin' but their birthday suits. That sin-breathin' heathen! Bow your head, boy; I'm gonna pray!"

Miss Flowers spread her arms and stretched her fingers like the talons of a hawk, swooped down on Piebald's spotted forehead and pushed his head back with both palms. This maneuver was so swift and forceful that Piebald's head crashed into the plastic medicine cabinet hanging over the toilet. Piebald wanted to yell because his head hurt and bits of broken plastic from the medicine cabinet were digging into his neck. But instead of yelling in pain, he stared at the angel in silent disbelief.

In slow motion, Miss Flowers lowered her ivory arms and placed her hands on Piebald's freckled forehead. As she moved her eyes from the pornography to a glassy-eyed stare at nothing, improvised humming began to pour out of her quivering mouth. Then she swung her hips from side to side and added random syllables to the humming. Miss Flowers knew she was speaking to God. The thrill of having such a power set off a current of electricity through her body, causing her to shake like a wet dog trying to dry off. The violent eruption lasted about ten minutes, and when the rumbling movements of her body and the overflow of peculiar noises tapered off, she reached inside her red vinyl handbag and pulled

out a vial of oil. In a trance, she lifted the vial above her head and stared into the yellow fluid. Slowly, her eyes rolled back into their sockets and her cotton-candy hair unfurled like a nest of live serpents. She took off the vial's lid and poured the sulfur-scented oil all over Piebald's peanut-shaped head. The shiny substance oozed down over his crew-cut and smeared his facial features into a murky blob. The oil slid down his dingy shirt, crept over his Levis, and settled into a puddle on Piebald's new J.C. Penney's rug. Piebald looked like a melting candle.

Miss Flowers grinned her usual grin and tossed the vial over her shoulder and into the bathtub where it shattered. She placed both hands on Piebald's crew-cut and screamed, "Amen! He who was blind shall now see!" Then the little woman leapt into the air like a pink tree frog and landed face first on the greasy bath rug, hitting the edge of the bathtub as she fell.

Piebald watched her, waiting for her to catch her breath after her strenuous spell. But she stayed put, like a dead fish.

"You-You dead, Miss Fl-Flowers? Wake up! I know you ain't dead 'cause you st-still b-breathin'-thin'. Please get up, ma'am!"

Piebald knelt beside the messy pile of Miss Flowers and shook her gently. Then he leaned down beside her ear and began to sing softly.

"Amazin' grace, how sweet the sound, to save a wretch like me. I once was lost but now I'm found..." Piebald kept singing the song over and over until Miss Flowers weakly opened her eyes and looked up at him. The music stopped when Miss Flowers spoke.

"Piebald, I've heard an angel sing to me in heaven. I'm gonna tell you what this angel told me. Listen good to what I got to say. I ain't gonna repeat myself," she said as he tried to focus on the large figure leaning over her.

Piebald's head was hurting and his stomach was crawling up his throat. "Yes, ma'am, I'm gonna listen good," he whispered.

"This angel told me that God, with His Grace, has saved you. He sent me to see that your blindness is cured; to see that you are led to His Kingdom for sal-a-vation. You have witnessed, my son."

Miss Flowers reached up to Piebald's red, freckled face and wiped a drop of oil off the end of his nose. And with all of her strength, Miss Flowers reached for a towel rack and lifted herself to her feet. She stood up, muttered something about needing a hairnet, tippy-toed down the hall, put on her Easy Street shoes, and walked out the front door.

It was very late the next night when Piebald

walked into the Stop & Save. Truman was behind the checkout counter reading *Of Mice And Men* and looked up when he smelled the pungent odor that covered Piebald and took over the store. "Hey, man, what's that rotten egg smell? Why do you look so freaked out?" asked Truman.

Piebald kept on walking and picked up a pound of M&Ms and a hairnet. He shuffled back to the counter and placed the items next to the cash register.

"I had a rough time last night," Piebald quietly responded.

Truman put down the book and placed his hands on his hips. "Do you need to talk about it? I'm game for listenin'."

"Th-These are for Miss F-Flowers. She's in b-bed at home 'cause she got slayed trying' to save me. She's been t-to heaven. Now sh-she don't feel good. She ain't gonna pester me 'cause she says I've been s-saved."

Truman put Piebald's purchases in a brown paper sack and gently handed it to him.

"Man, that's a shame about Miss Flowers. But tell me, what do you think about this saving business? Are you gonna stay away from sinful trash and all that stuff? Are you really saved?"

Piebald sighed and paused a moment. He scratched a big freckle and looked embarrassed.

"Hey, that's okay. Sometimes you gotta lip up a little before you're in tune with life. It's okay...it's okay to change as long as you're happy," Truman reassured him.

Piebald took a deep breath and wiped his nose on his sleeve. "Y-Yep, I am s-saved."

Piebald put the sack under his arm, turned and walked away from the counter. He stood next to a stand of bubble juice and gazed across the harsh, fluorescent colors of the store. Behind him, the pale colors of dawn formed large columns of light that flowed through the windows and softly touched his shoulders. He felt the warmth of daylight on his back and with this warmth he felt life. He was glad to have his friend so close. From the spot next to the bubble juice stand, he took four giant steps to the magazine rack, picked up an "Exotic Encounters" and thumbed through it.

Truman looked at his friend with an I-don't-understand look on his face. "I thought you were staying away from garbage," he said.

Piebald smiled at Truman while clutching the magazine. "I-I am staying away from garbage. I ain't gonna eat no more m-moon pies."

And the warmth of morning spilled into the entire store, softening the dissonance between white neon lights and black empty nights.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CINDY HALL

Independence Day

Everyone says she is crazy.
Tall and tan, fast and fun—
But hitchhiking everywhere?

We walk on the highway side,
and soon she smiles our way into a truck cab,
heading down the arch of a boot-shaped island.

The driver looks at her like the ride will never end.
She smiles like not now but someday.
My lips curl like Hey.

Still, It is a good life, I say later in the bar.
Her glass rises, meets mine, Clink.
Yes, It is a good life, she says.

At the beach we race into the July Fourth waves spraying apart.
There is no one but us standing on the rocks,
feeling the warm salty air from the horizon.

On the walk home our clothes steam dry in the sun.
Will the others be there yet? I ask. And wild?
She laughs, and everything seems white inside us.

Dave York



PRINT BY PETER KELLEY

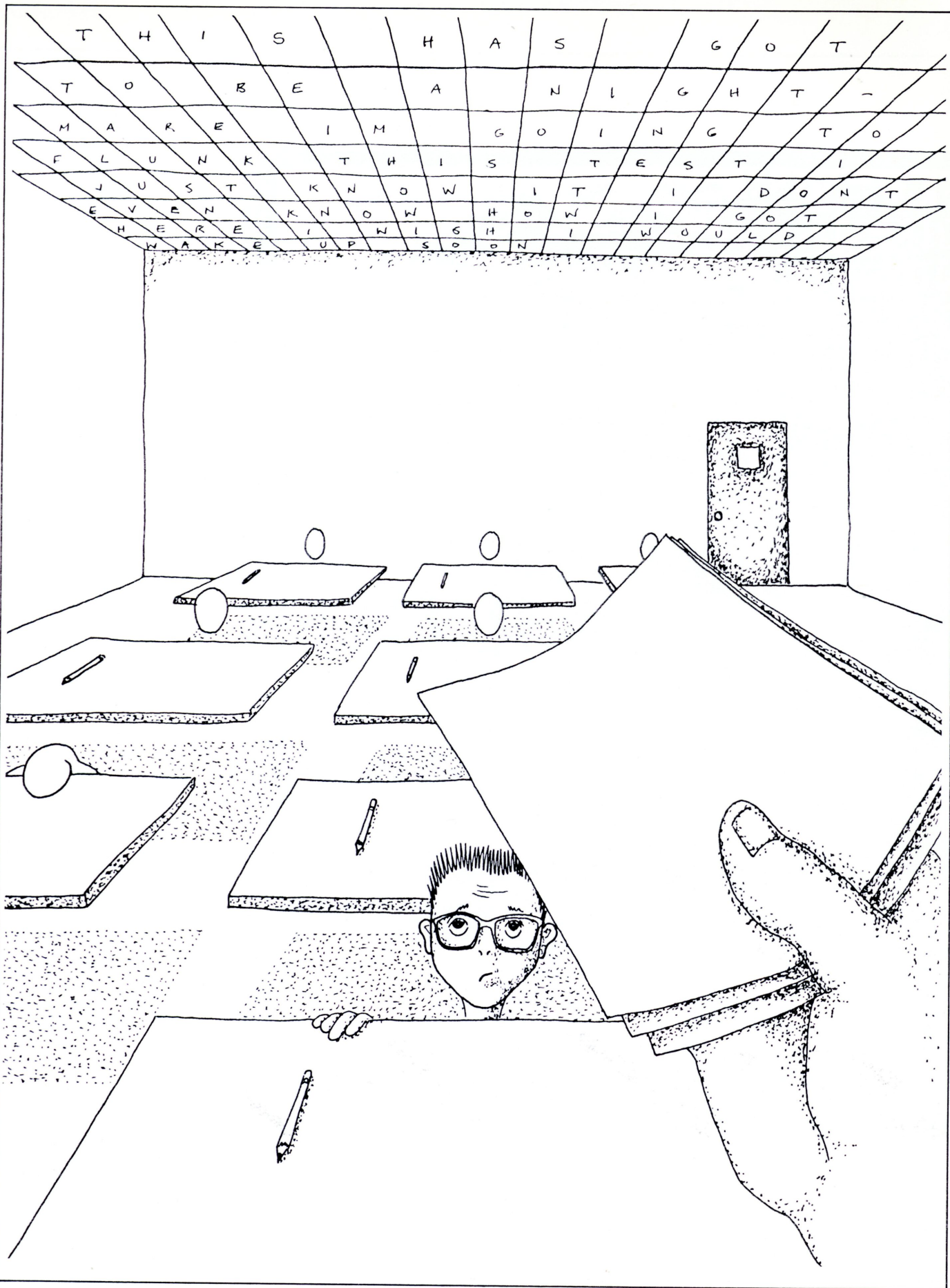


ILLUSTRATION BY LIZ PHYTHON

Taking the GRE, or any of those other, equally horrific pre-professional school or pre-further-education tests like the LSAT, MCAT, OCAT, PCAT, or XYZCAT (sorry, I got carried away), has got to be one of life's most harrowing experiences. Something about the idea that one's whole career rests on a single, flimsy piece of pencilled-on paper "read" by an illiterate machine I find at least mildly unsettling—maybe I'm just funny that way.

And, as if the prospect of computer scoring isn't ghastly enough, the ordeal you have to endure to get the proper pencil marks on that flimsy piece of paper is quite sufficient to make your hair stand on end, ruin your health, mess up the paint-job on your VW—in short, it can just generally wreck your life.

SURF'S UP!!!

A Guide to the GRE

(and an Exercise in the Parenthetical Expression)

BY ELIZABETH GREGORY

First, you arrive at the test center. But even that is not as easy as it sounds. You leave the VW in the Haley Center parking lot (if you're one of the chosen few who don't have to brave the wilds of Montgomery or Atlanta, never to be seen again in the civilized world, so to speak), and wander through the maze of the building itself (you can't even get around this place on class days, much less weekends!), following construction-paper-and-magic-marker signs that send you to every random floor and quadrant, but of course the real testing room is nowhere to be found (will the real test center please stand up? where are Kitty Carlisle and Peggy Cass when you need them?). Meanwhile, you are growing weak from hunger and exposure, having, in your naiveté, forgotten to pack blankets and provisions for the expedition.

You drag yourself feebly along, dehydrated and gasping (fountains, fountains everywhere, nor any one that works), until, finally, some kindly B&G person takes pity on you and leads you by the hand to the testing room which just happens to be on the first floor, right next to the doors to the parking lot. You, of course, are tremendously embarrassed and try to save some fragment of cool by pretending you don't speak English and that you thought the signs were the menu for an on-campus Chinese restaurant. Little do you realize that this is only minor embarrassment; the really big-league stuff awaits inside.

So, now that you've found the room, you just breeze right in and sit down, right? WRONG! You have to stand in a line that seems to get

longer the longer you stand in it and let some guy wearing a name-tag screaming "GRE STAFF" in big red letters (the name-tag, not the guy; he's more of the strong, silent, but dumb type) scrutinize your face. No, he's not the man from Oxy-5; he's supposed to decide if you're really the person you say you are and hope to prove you are with "two forms of positive identification" (what's *negative* identification? are we supposed to carry cards that say "I am *not* Margaret Thatcher, Hank Aaron, or Joan Jett"?) and something called an "admission ticket" (are they trying to fake you off and make you think this is a concert or something? I mean, only Slim Whitman would work in a place like this!). However, since the guy with the name-tag looks suspiciously like he ate a '62 Fairlane for breakfast (you can smell transmission fluid on his breath), you wisely elect to say nothing (this is the last rational thing you ever do, for, once inside the door, the precious little grasp of logic and reason you had in the first place is immediately blown to hell and back). You would think you're trying to write these people a check, they're so suspicious.

But finally, after you've established that you are indeed the graduate-school hopeful who is supposed to take this test, and sufficiently fought back the impulse to flee to the California beaches to become a professional surfer, you are assigned a seat, which is, of course, directly under the air-conditioning vent that seems to be responsible for cooling off the whole building single-handedly (or single-ventedly?). When everyone else is seated, and you are reduced to a shivering, chattering, blithering idiot, a mere ice-cube of your former brilliant (??) self, the person administering the test, a very small, meek-looking woman, with the most piercing voice this side of Woody Woodpecker, asks for everyone's attention and gives a few basic rules about pencils, calculators, and alarm watches—the use of this last can earn you a stiff penalty, ranging from an icy glare from the test proctor, which in itself is enough to turn you into a pillar of salt, to the forfeiture of your first-born male child, or the pink slip to your first Volvo, whichever comes first (this, thankfully, is reserved only for habitual offenders—Volvos are hard to come by).

And while you are agonizing over whether or not your pencil is the appropriate number, hardness, color, and flavor, she explains the GRE's advice about guessing (to guess, or not to guess, that is the question (forgive me, Master William, I know not what I do)), which you completely miss, enthralled as you are by your writing implement. But it really doesn't matter, since the upshot of the whole discussion is that you should guess if you know the answer

(which isn't a guess), and you shouldn't guess if you don't (which is why you would need to guess in the first place).

Then, abruptly, before you can even get your wits about you (and no wits are to be found; doubtless having opted for an early spring break, they are now soaking up rays on Daytona Beach), the test booklets and answer sheets are handed out. After nobly doing battle with an endless barrage of incomprehensible questions, the answers to which are known only to East Indian Brahmins, wise hermits on remote mountaintops, and an occasional department head, you emerge from the dust the undeniable loser, and much the worse for wear. You have answered every question with one of the same five answers—Ezra Pound, 23, the Treaty of Amiens, nitric acid, and none of the above—whether or not they appeared as choices (why not a write-in? this is a democratic society, isn't it?), and you promptly relegate the whole experience to some dark corner of your subconscious reserved expressly for the Very Embarrassing, where it is clapped in irons, tortured with thumbscrews, and never again allowed into the light of conscious memory.

After the final time-limit is called, the test proctor discourses on score cancellations (a glimmer of hope—but to take this thing *again*?? quick, this looks like a job for the Marquis de Sade!) and delivers a final warning, "Be careful of stray marks!" Why? Are they rabid? Should we take out an ad in the Lost and Found? Isn't there some kind of applicable leash law? (you're delirious now; anything is funny, even Milton Berle in drag...well, maybe not *that* delirious). At any rate, you're finally free to leave the test center, which has become about as homey as the Tower of London (I know, it can be *very* homey, but that's only if you're a recalcitrant queen), and grope your way home in the gathering dusk (of course, as you're driving the VW, this proves rather tricky). Once you stumble across the threshold of your apartment, you collapse in the middle of the carpet and sleep for three weeks (you haven't been passed-out for this long since you tried celebrating Bastille Day with some French fries and grain alcohol). And when your professors have forgotten your name (this, of course, is provided they ever knew it), and your roommates are beginning to tell their friends you're Andy Warhol's newest pop-art coffee-table, then you know it's time to wake up and get on with your life, to make some real, mature, responsible plans for the future—you go out and start pricing surfboards.



Idiot with Sweet Potato
Macon County, Alabama

I find him at the vague end of a long
dirt road, squatting through a too-warm
late-September noon in the bare earth
shade of a mulberry tree. Child? Or man?
I cannot tell. Dust covers my windshield,
swirls in the air between us. I stare
through bright haze into his deep shade.

The dogs bark frantically, as though someone
could hear, someone invisible in the bare-board
shack, the sweet potato patch, the dry
cornfield. Skinny chickens scatter and peck
among the barking dogs. Deaf? Is he mute?
Blind?

The frayed length of cotton clothesline
lying slack in the dirt, tied to the tree
and to his bare ankle, surely
is too weak to hold him here.

He squats here as though completely alone,
holding his raw sweet potato like an ice-
cream cone, taking his slow bites.
How delicious it must be to him! tasting
nothing but sweet potato, who never tasted
anything cold

but cold itself.

He pauses, working with large thumbs to peel
the hard, raw potato. And I am stopped
here, trying to peel away a skin
as hard as a windshield.

Jim Allen

Wondered by Night

With thoughtful steps
I walk the street,
mind ranging with ripe
distraction. Reflecting
into the darkness I see
the earth in humble patience
resting for the day.

I stop to breathe
the air in a rush.

In the moonlight
dogwood blossoms glint
soft stars of white
cast like pearled fruit
on the branches bent
by their flowered weight.

The pitch night air
peals full with minstrel
songs of crickets laired
in dense thicket homes
singing to the night a spell
of mystery, their omen
to life.

I walk on in purpose,
wondered by the night.

Gary Parker

FOR FOUR MORE

BY GLENN T. ESKEW

On election day in 1980, Americans were held hostage in Iran; the United States flag was burned abroad; the dollar was at a fifty-year low in foreign markets; and interest rates, inflation rates, and unemployment rates were at their highest point since the Great Depression. America's pride had been hurt, and the current President had no solutions.

Ronald Reagan had the answers the public wanted to hear, and after only four years, Reagan has delivered those answers. America is respected abroad again; the dollar is more valuable than most other foreign-market currencies; and interest rates, inflation rates, and unemployment rates are down. Although not all the country's problems are solved, almost everyone is better off now than four years ago. America is experiencing a feeling of prosperity and optimism that has been missing since the days of Ike.

Last Feb. 5, Reagan addressed the nation on network television, saying, "Vice-President Bush and I would like to have your continued support and cooperation in completing what we began three years ago." Reagan continued, "But our work is not finished. We have more to do in creating jobs, achieving control over government spending, returning more autonomy to the states, keeping peace in a more-settled world, and seeing if we can't find room in our schools for God." Months of speculation ended with this announcement and Reagan's pledge to continue the goals he set in 1980. The election in 1984, regardless of which candidate receives the Democratic nomination, will be a referendum on the past four years—and Reagan will win. Many opinion polls continue to rank Reagan high in the public's esteem, and at the age of 73, he is in excellent health.

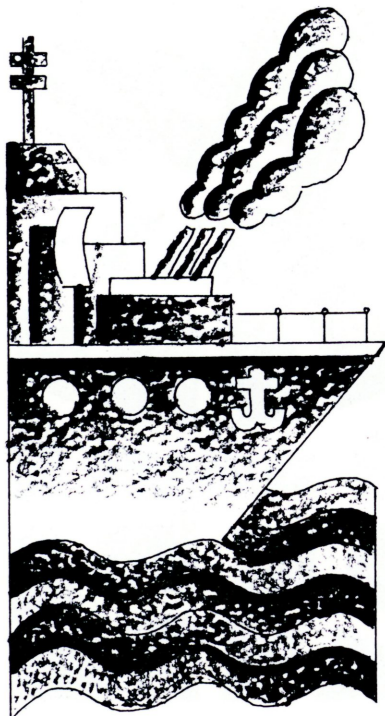
Just as Reagan will be the

Republican Party's choice for President, Walter Mondale will probably be the Democratic party's choice. But not all Democrats will be pleased. A great many candidates ran for the Democratic nomination partly because the opposition to Mondale within the party was so high. And it still is. Mondale has identified the Democratic party with the AFL-CIO, the National Education Association, the National Organization for Women, the United Auto Workers, the NAACP, and various gay rights and environmentalist groups to such an extent that the Democratic Party smacks of special interests. (One need only look at the state of Alabama and the NEA to see how well government works when controlled by special interests.)

There were only two other candidates who had a realistic chance of winning the Democratic nomination (discounting Jesse Jackson, who, because he is black, has no chance of winning the nomination at all) but their campaigns were no match for Mondale's pre-planned political endorsements. Gary Hart is a flash in the pan for a few ideological Democrats who recognize the *real* Mondale. John Glenn, because of his lack of organizational skills, never got his campaign off the ground; however, he did do well in the South because he was the most conservative Democrat running. But those southern Democrats who voted for Glenn, or who did not even vote, just might vote for Reagan. One reason McGovern won the Democratic nomination in 1972 was that the southern Democrats did not vote in the primaries—they had decided to vote for the conservative Nixon. Much the same situation exists today. Those die-hard southerners who will vote only for a conservative Democrat, will not vote for Mondale. The Democrats could probably get

some of this relatively conservative vote if Mondale chooses Glenn as his running mate, and this combination would be the hardest ticket for Reagan to beat.

This year, the Democratic primaries have been enlivened by Jackson's campaign. To the disgust of Democrats and the glee of Republicans, Jackson has pitted one candidate against the other; and his rhetoric adds a whimsical



edge to the bitter policies being debated. Jackson's black-voter registration drive could have phenomenal effects on the Democratic turnout but only if Jackson is running as a candidate. Chances are good that many of the black voters will not cast a ballot for a Mondale ticket without Jackson. Also, Jackson's "rainbow coalition" of minorities is seen as a threat to many southern whites, and a white evangelical-led registration drive is likely to occur to counter Jackson's possible control over local candidates. Reagan won most southern states in 1980 by a few electoral votes, and Jackson's determination to prevent another

Reagan victory spawned his registration drive. At present, Reagan outpolls the Democrats in the southern electoral votes—although not by much in the Deep South. However, if one candidate receives more electoral votes than another in a certain state, then he carries that state in the election. Fundamentalists, such as Jerry Falwell, will not allow Reagan's lead in the South to be lost. And considering the South's history of gerrymandering, Jackson will not succeed in changing a traditional political system within the space of a year's campaign.

Once the Democrats quit their internal bickering, and pick a challenger for Reagan, they will find their foe practically invincible. Reagan's charm, self-confidence and assertiveness mesmerize the majority of the public and will assure his success. Although the projected margin of popular-vote victory remains hotly debated (from as low as his 1980 election to Nixon's landslide in 1972), few believe the incumbent will not win again. In 1980, Reagan's electoral vote was a huge victory but he won the popular vote by a narrow margin. Once re-elected, Reagan will not find the Presidency all roses. He could be a lame-duck President if the Republicans lose control of the Senate. In 1984, of the 23 Senate members whose terms expire, 19 are Republicans; and of the 34 Senate seats up for election in 1986, 20 are Republican. So for Reagan to continue his conservative policies, it is imperative that he maintain control of the Senate.

Even if he loses the Senate, Reagan will have an advantage over other Presidents during the next four years because of his opportunity to nominate several Supreme Court justices. As yet, Reagan has appointed only one justice, Sandra Day O'Connor; however, at least two justices have

indicated that they will retire after the 1984 elections. During his two terms as President, Nixon appointed four justices, two of which, Warren E. Burger and William H. Rehnquist, remain leading conservatives on the bench today. The Supreme Court has become even more conservative (thanks to Nixon's appointments) than it was in the late fifties and sixties. The influence of the Supreme Court can be seen by looking back at the effects of the Warren court's decisions on abortion, civil rights and school prayer. With Reagan replacing the retiring justices, the chances of a liberal bench such as Warren's are diminished. Reagan now recognizes that the only effective way to institute his policies over the long run is through careful selection of justices to the Supreme Court.

In his second term, Reagan will probably be more conservative and less likely to moderate his policies. There will be no re-election campaign to run in 1988, and his long-time, right-wing supporters will demand more attention to the social issues that the President currently endorses, but has failed to act upon.

If Reagan's second term as President is anything like his second term as governor of California, then there will be some reforms in the much-abused Social Security and Medicare programs. In California, Reagan checked the growth of welfare spending and tightened the requirements for qualification to the welfare rolls. However, higher benefits were paid to those who made the rolls. Federal taxes will probably not be increased over the next four years (if the Democrats in Congress can be defeated) because Reagan believes that tax increases are immoral. The deficit problem has already been addressed by Reagan, and the Democrats have supported his plan to pay a \$100 bil-

lion down-payment on the deficit over the next three years. Although the Democrats create a lot of hoopla over the deficit, and it will most certainly be an issue in the 1984 election, most Americans are concerned with the amount of their take-home pay and what a dollar will buy—not with the growth of the country's debt. Reagan's successes in his economic policies outweigh the Democrat's



promises of increased taxation and inflation.

Few of Reagan's policies, if any, will change in his second term. The Equal Rights Amendment is no longer an issue (which was not the case during the 1980 election), and Reagan's anti-abortion policy remains constant. The abortion issue is one he will most assuredly confront in his second term. Although the recent debate on school prayer practically reached a stalemate, Reagan has yet to give up hope. While addressing Congress, Reagan said: "If you can begin your day with a member of the clergy standing right here leading you in prayer then why can't free-

dom to acknowledge God be enjoyed again by children in every schoolroom across this land?"

Reagan pledged to rebuild the country's military strength, and the greatest reorganization of America's defense since the Kennedy-McNamara days has occurred. Although highly criticized, this peacetime buildup has strengthened the nation and, according to Reagan, "We can now move with confidence to seize the opportunities of peace." Only through up-dated military strength can America assure the protection of its interests at home, and maintain peace in the free world. The milque-toast liberals who label Reagan a war-monger should take a lesson from Great Britain's Neville Chamberlain and his appeasement policies with Hitler. Chamberlain agreed to one-sided arms reductions with Germany, which almost cost the capitulation of Britain when faced by Nazi aggression.

A genuine arms-reduction agreement with the Soviet Union is one of Reagan's goals for his second term. However, the United States cannot achieve such an agreement by making unbalanced concessions (similar to those of SALT II) to the Soviets. A valid agreement will succeed only if both countries are willing to comply with the reductions.

Because of Carter's ineptness and uncertainty, the foreign policy Reagan inherited was in a shambles. Within his first year in office, Reagan constructed a consistent and assertive policy which leaves few questions about the United States' directives. His determined support for El Salvador and the continued aid given to anti-communist rebels in Latin America will help prevent the acquisition of these developing countries by the Soviet-supported Cubans. His liberation of Grenada highlights his anti-communist

stance and his courage to face world opposition in order to fight for the rights and freedoms of man.

Reagan has showed support for our allies in Western Europe (which has been lacking over the past few years); and the Soviets, because of this clear, definitive policy, are able to interpret our actions (something they could never do with Carter). America's Middle Eastern policy has met setback after setback, but one must ask, how can a twentieth-century policy be reached in an area ruled by fifteenth-century politics? Reagan's deployment of Marines in Lebanon follows long-standing precedent,

his only mistake being the failure to withdraw the Marines sooner. The Lebanese cause was admirable, but the results disastrous. Better relations with China continue to develop, and America's association with other Asian allies continues to improve.

In environmental issues, the needs of the country dominate. The necessity of preventing the United States' becoming dependent on foreign energy motivates many of Reagan's policies. Also, the reduction of bureaucratic red-tape in the Department of the Interior has made it a more efficient and effective governmental organ.

These policies—environmental, foreign, welfare and defense—will succeed in getting Reagan re-elected in 1984. The lack of direction and unity in the Democratic Party increases Reagan's chances for a large margin of victory this election year. As he said in his bid for re-election last February, his work is not finished. Only with Reagan as President for another term, will the foolish and wasteful socialistic policies of the Carter, Johnson, and F.D.R. years be halted and the beginning of the return of America to the goals established by the Founding Fathers re-instituted.

Cemetery Angel

The moon hangs like a white stone
smooth and glowing in the sky
the snow-spread earth
a bare white bedsheet
crisp and perfect under winter's grasp

The stars creep back in awe
leaving me to stand alone
stranded, surrounded
by drenching moonlight
that patterns the ground
with sapphire limb shadows

A wind moves through the trees
like a finger held to lips
urging quiet

Stillness
strikes like an echoing bell,
stopping time
like a suspended heartbeat
pausing to listen for the sound
of eternity

Jody Kamins

THE RULING ELITE

BY JIM HOWLAND

In 1978, Presidential candidate Ronald Reagan assailed President Jimmy Carter for not firing his Budget Director Bert Lance as soon as questions of improper business dealings began to plague Lance. The President should move quickly to oust Budget Director Lance, Reagan said, because the appearance of impropriety in the upper levels of the government was injurious to the faith that the American people were only beginning to show in the federal government as the Watergate scandal faded into the past. Reagan wrote at the time that "what seemed to escape the President's notice was that the average citizen resents what seems to be undue privilege for a few in high places."

As President, how well has Ronald Reagan followed the advice he offered President Carter? Have the men and women he has appointed to federal posts lived up to the expectations candidate Reagan held for President Carter's appointees? The following cases are offered in order to answer this question, and to raise a few others. (All the quotes given below are from *The New York Times*.)

James Watt: In March 1982, Congress forced Secretary of the Interior Watt to reimburse the federal treasury after it was discovered that Watt had billed the Department of the Interior \$8,842 to pay for two private Christmas parties he and his wife gave at the Custis-Lee Mansion in Arlington, Virginia.

Charles Wick: Director of the U.S. Information Agency Charles Wick has been criticized for hiring an unusual number of friends and relatives of Reagan Administration officials. Among Wick's appointees at USIA are: ex-Secretary of State Haig's daughter, Barbara; Secretary of Defense Weinberger's son, Caspar, Jr. (who has since left his job at USIA); then-National

Security Advisor (presently Secretary of the Interior) William Clark's daughter, Monica; former Voice of America chief James Conkling's daughter, Laurette; and Assistant to the President David Gergen's son, Steve. When Senator Edward Zorinsky asked Wick if his hiring practices might be construed as showing favoritism, Wick replied, "Everything we're doing is exceedingly proper, as against the implication that this is an end run or nepotism."

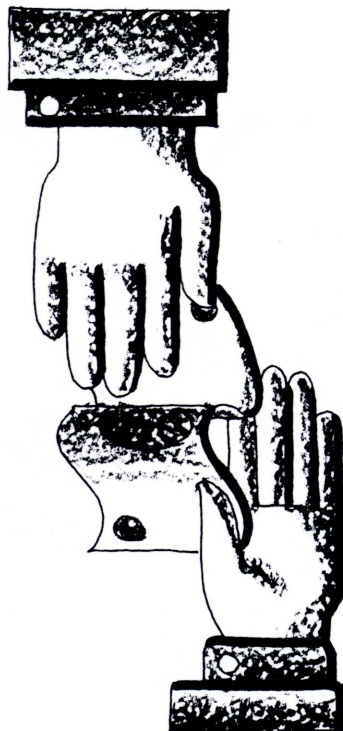
Wick caused some embarrassment to the Reagan Administration again in July, 1983, when he was advised to reimburse the federal government for the cost of a \$32,000 home security system—which had been installed in the suburban Washington house he rents.

Robert Nimmo: Veterans Administration Director Nimmo undertook to heed President Reagan's calls for spending cuts; he was successful in reducing the VA's budget considerably, in part by cutting veterans' benefits and halting the construction of several VA hospitals. He did, however, set aside \$54,183 for new furnishings for his office (his old furniture went to the office of his daughter, Mary Nimmo, who works for the Commerce Department). And in June, 1982, Nimmo followed the advice of the VA inspector general and refunded the government \$6,441 for the overtime pay of the chauffeur he had retained, in violation of the law, to drive him to and from work.

Nimmo had alienated veterans in a number of other ways: he called Vietnam veterans "greedy," he compared the ill effects of the chemical Agent Orange to those of acne, and he skipped the official opening of the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial to play golf. Finally in October, 1982, due to congressional pressure and veterans'

complaints, Nimmo resigned. President Reagan said he was "sincerely saddened" to see Nimmo, a friend from his days as Governor of California, leave public service.

Max Hugel: New Hampshire businessman Max Hugel joined the Reagan campaign in 1980 and surprised political insiders with his success in organizing support for candidate Reagan in the New



Hampshire primary. After his inauguration, Reagan appointed his campaign manager William Casey to be Director of the CIA, and Casey named Hugel his special assistant. In May 1981, Casey promoted Hugel to chief of the CIA's Directorate for Operations, the branch of the Agency that undertakes covert operations overseas. Hugel's only qualification for this very sensitive position apparently was his political skill during the presidential campaign; he had no experience in the business of clandestine operations.

Then in July 1981, two of Hugel's former business associates publicly accused him of providing

them with "insider" stock trading information, a violation of federal securities law. The two provided *The Washington Post* with tape recordings of their discussions with Hugel about the confidential plans of his employer at the time (business machine manufacturer Brother International) to negotiate lucrative new contracts. Hugel resigned the day after the accusations were publicized, but a subsequent internal CIA investigation of his business dealings found Hugel "scrupulously honest." Oddly enough, one of Hugel's accusers disappeared amid unusual circumstances soon after the *Post* story appeared.

William Casey: One month after Max Hugel resigned, CIA Director Casey notified the Office of Government Ethics that he intended to revise his financial disclosure statement, a document that all upper-level government officials must file with the Ethics group, listing all financial assets and liabilities over \$1,000. Casey had "inadvertently omitted" ten sources of income from 1980 that totaled over \$250,000. (The mistake is perhaps understandable; Casey is a multimillionaire.) Since the omission was accidental, Casey had not acted illegally; to purposefully fail to report the quarter-million dollars of income, however, would have constituted a rather blatant disregard for federal ethics laws.

The cumulative effect of Casey's involvement in the Hugel affair, the revision of his financial disclosure statement, and FBI investigations of other "improprieties" reaching back ten years into Casey's business and government careers caused a number of senators, including Barry Goldwater and Ted Stevens, to urge Casey to resign, as Senator William Roth said, "for the good of the nation." But President Reagan came to the

defense of his longtime friend, ending most of the public debate over Casey's future with the CIA when he announced, "I have not changed my mind about Bill Casey."

Guy Fiske: Fiske resigned from his job as Deputy Secretary of Commerce amid simultaneous investigations by the Justice Department and the House of Representatives of conflict-of-interest charges. He had been negotiating the sale of some Commerce Department weather satellites to the Communications Satellite Corporation, Comsat, at the same time he was considering an offer from Comsat to take over as president of the corporation as soon as he left government service. At the time of his resignation, Fiske insisted that it had occurred neither to him nor to anyone at Comsat that the two dealings might in some way be related.

Thomas Reed: Reed, a former Secretary of the Air Force, was Special Assistant to President Reagan and served on his "MX missile basing commission." In 1981 the Securities and Exchange Commission charged that Reed had illegally used "insider" stock information to convert a \$3,000 investment in the Amax Corporation to a \$427,000 return in just forty-eight hours. The SEC pointed out that several hours after Reed bought about 500 shares of Amax stock, the Standard Oil Company of California began buying up Amax stock, at very high prices, in an attempt to take over Amax. Reed's father was a director of Amax at the time. Although Reed the younger denied that any consultation with his father had prompted the exceptionally timely investment-- such a consultation would have been illegal--he did agree to forfeit the profits he had gained in the venture.

In March, 1983, when a federal

prosecutor in New York began an investigation separate from the ongoing SEC one, Reed resigned. President Reagan, who was "thoroughly familiar" with the charges against Reed, continued to express "full confidence" in him.

Rita Lavelle: Lavelle resigned from her job as Assistant Environmental Protection Agency Administrator and was subsequently



convicted of perjury after she lied under oath about: conflicts of interest between her EPA job and her dealings with her former employer, a corporation that was (and is) high on the Agency's list of hazardous-toxic-waste-dump operators; having manipulated the toxic-waste-cleanup program for the political benefit of Republicans campaigning for offices during the 1982 mid-term elections; and having undertaken to oust lower-level EPA officials who were more diligent in enforcing industrial pollution laws than she thought necessary. After her resignation, Lavelle further obstructed congressional investigations of

wrongdoing at the EPA by absconding with several documents which would have resolved many of the questions surrounding her conduct at the Agency.

Anne Burford: Congress cited Burford for contempt of Congress, a criminal offense, when she refused to turn over to the House of Representatives some subpoenaed documents relevant to the House's investigation of mismanagement of the EPA's toxic-waste-cleanup program. In Burford's defense, it must be pointed out that she was acting on President Reagan's orders. He exercised "executive privilege" in withholding the documents and hindering the congressional inquiry. Burford resigned and a compromise was negotiated for the release of the subpoenaed documents, but not before some of them had been shredded in EPA offices. Withholding evidence and destruction of evidence are both felonies, but no one was ever indicted for his or her role in this affair.

John Horton: Horton, a Deputy EPA Administrator, resigned amid charges that he had conducted personal business from his EPA office. Upon leaving the EPA, Horton said he was "proud of the job he had done in Washington," but he did not specify to which job he was referring.

Robert Perry: EPA General Counsel Perry was accused of impeding the congressional investigation of misconduct at the EPA, notably that of Rita Lavelle. Specifically, Perry tried to place "conditions" on the release of subpoenaed documents, a violation of federal law.

All told, about twenty-five EPA officials have been convicted of crimes, forced to resign, or at least (to put it kindly) mend their ways since Ronald Reagan became President and put new people in most of the EPA's higher-level positions.

Some of the officials willfully neglected their duties, some used their influence at the EPA to help personal and political friends of the President, and still others tried to sabotage the investigations into the misconduct of their colleagues.

Through all of this trouble at the EPA, President Reagan felt comfortable in telling reporters that "We, this Administration, can be very proud of our record." When asked to comment on the criticism he had received on his handling of the problems at the EPA, he said, "There is environmental extremism. I don't think they'll be happy until the White House looks like a bird's nest." President Reagan never publicly denounced Rita Lavelle, even after she was sentenced to prison for her role in obstructing the investigation of misconduct by both herself and other EPA employees.

These are only eleven specific cases of the more than fifty which concern Reagan Administration officials who have resigned, been formally investigated, or otherwise been compelled to answer to charges of illegal or unprincipled conduct. The incidents related here by no means comprise all of the most glaring examples. Consider the case of Raymond Donovan, who continues to serve as Secretary of Labor after Special Prosecutor Leon Silverman was unable to clear him of charges that he had connections to organized crime. After finding "insufficient evidence to support a prosecution" of Donovan in federal court, Silverman said that he remained "concerned" by both the number and variety of allegations he had investigated. During Silverman's investigation, members of a Senate committee conducting a concurrent examination of Donovan's past business dealings received anonymous death threats. And Fred Furino, a former Teamsters' Union

official widely reputed to have been involved in the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa in 1976, was found dead in the trunk of a car in Manhattan a few days after he met with Silverman to discuss Donovan. But through all Donovan's tribulations, President Reagan stayed by his side. He told reporters "I'm going to be sticking with him. I think it would be the most unfair thing in the world for anyone



to think that he has been anything but unfairly and unjustly assailed."

And at the time of this writing, the controversy over Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese's nomination as Attorney General continues to simmer. Meese has run into trouble with the Senate Judicial Committee because he "forgot" an interest-free loan of \$15,000 from the man he later appointed his Special Assistant. The assistant's wife and son also received federal jobs soon after Meese received his loan. Meese denies none of this, yet he denounces as "character assassins" those who suggest that his conduct ought to disqualify him for the job of the nation's

chief law-enforcement officer. There is much more to the Ed Meese story, but in fairness to him none of it should be recounted here, while a panel of three special prosecutors is conducting its investigation of the charges of his illegal conduct.

Every President has had to deal with the problem of impropriety among his lieutenants, but the cavalier attitude toward even the semblance of ethical conduct that is so obviously widespread in Ronald Reagan's Administration has no precedent in this century. The Teapot Dome scandal that shook Warren Harding's Administration in the 1920's involved only a handful of friends and advisors. Watergate, though a much more serious affair in which even the President acted illegally, likewise involved only the President and a few members of his "palace guard."

The startling proclivity of so many of Ronald Reagan's most trusted and highest-ranking aides and advisors for unethical and illegal conduct raises questions that go unanswered even as the Reagan "team" prepares for a second presidential campaign. By what standards of personal and professional ethics ought the holders of the public trust to be judged? Is it enough for them to prove, when compelled to do so, that their actions are "legal" according to their own shamefully expedient interpretations of the letter of the law? Is it punishment enough for those guilty of illegal actions to resign their government jobs and return to private business? Are these the same standards by which the "average citizen" is judged? And finally, how is it that President Reagan avoids personal responsibility for the unprincipled, irresponsible and often unlawful actions of the men and women he has placed in the highest positions of public trust and accountability in the federal government?



"You can lead a nearly normal life." A nearly normal life—how many times I've read or heard those words and cringed at the optimism. Try sticking yourself with a needle every day, and tell yourself it's normal.

I don't want pity, and I don't feel sorry for myself anymore. I'm twenty years old, and I'm a living, breathing, seeing human being, and I find glory in this. But I haven't always felt this way.

I was five years old when my curtain came down. The next act was a series of hospital stays with too many visits from pitying well-wishers and a lot of confusion. The verdict: juvenile diabetes mellitus, and it *is* a verdict. My sentence was a "nearly normal life."

TOUGH SKIN

BY ALLIE FREDRICK

Having a "nearly normal life" means that the first thing I do every morning is to reach for two vials, one marked N and one marked R, a hypodermic syringe and an alcohol swab. I wipe both vials with the swab to disinfect them. The type of syringe I use is marked for 100 units. Pulling back on the plunger to 48 units, I release this air into the bottle marked N. I release 5 units of air into the bottle marked R, immediately filling the syringe with 5 units of R insulin. Then I insert the syringe once again into the N bottle and fill the syringe with 48 units.

Now I pause. At this point I always pause, perhaps to assure myself that I haven't made a mistake, maybe to think about the insecurity of my existence. I select a site for injection and swab the area with the alcohol. Pinching the skin carefully between my fingers, I proceed slowly. It's best to pierce the skin quickly, but I always hesitate. I break the skin slowly, hesitate, and then proceed. Once the needle is completely inserted I press down on the plunger, slowly. I always go slowly. I press down on the skin around the needle with the swab and pull the syringe out. Yes, it still hurts.

So that's it, right? Big deal. You have to stick yourself with a needle to stay alive; so what? Wrong. It is a big deal. Diabetes is a very big deal, and contrary to common belief, there is no cure. Insulin is not a cure. It is only a treatment—actually only part of a treatment of strict medical care which is essential. A diabetic must maintain a stable blood-sugar level by following a strict regimen of a balanced diet, exercise, and overall better-than-good health. Even the most well-managed diabetic can develop problems. Diabetics live facing the possibility of insulin reaction, insulin shock, and after a number of years, the increased possibility of kidney disease, heart attack, eye problems,

circulatory problems, and possible amputation from gangrene.

My frustration with my illness reaches a peak when I look down at my finger and see blood from an injury that I don't know how I got and don't feel the pain from yet. At times like these I almost cry at my helplessness, because I know that it will be a month or possibly two before the cut is completely healed. More than once I've had a simple cut turn into a serious infection. You know, the kind where the skin festers, fills up with pus, and turns a dangerous red. Frustration is a hard feeling to overcome.

My frustration and fear eventually led me to a difficult time in my life, a period of depression that I almost didn't get over. I'm not saying that diabetes was the cause of my depression, but it was undoubtedly a contributing factor. Basically I've always been withdrawn and hesitate to reveal myself to others. I would dwell on my inadequacy and unworthiness. This chronic depression lasted for about a year and a half. I wanted to die so badly that too many times I reached the point of suicide, but somehow and in some way I stopped myself. Suicide seemed to be the answer to all my problems. It was not an option, not an alternative; it was my solution, my freedom.

I told an acquaintance that I wanted to kill myself. He couldn't do anything but listen and tell me to seek professional help. I should have followed his advice, but I didn't. I was too sure of my decision to imagine that there could be any other way. I wanted out. I was tired of living by the book. Every day I stared at two tiny vials knowing that my life, my very existence, was dependent on the substance in those vials—a substance that is obtained from cows and pigs. I couldn't reach out. I was dying inside, and I could not seek help because I didn't want to live.

But I am alive now, and I don't want to die anymore. Life is too valuable and too short to want to die at twenty. Why did I change? What turned me from the desire for death to a desperate need to experience each moment that I have? I'm not going to offer answers because in all truth, I don't know. Maturity? Perhaps. Did I outgrow it? Was it a phase? It was no mere phase. Too many women actually commit suicide to call it a phase. I can't offer a simple explanation; I only know that I'm different now.

I wake up every day thankful that I'm alive. I haven't tried to block out that difficult time in my life, and I won't try. It's good for me to remember it. It makes me conscious of every minute I have. Why? I have diabetes. That means that one-third of my life is already gone. There is nothing I can do to change

that, but I can value what I have—time. I don't think about living to be eighty, or seventy, or even sixty. My goal is to reach fifty. That means I have thirty years, and only with the best of health. Even if I live to the age of fifty, I still face the possibility of losing a foot or a leg, and my greatest fear—blindness. It's a fact. My chances of going blind are twenty-five percent greater than those of the non-diabetic. There's a possibility of my going totally blind, but even if I don't lose my sight or part of it, nearly all diabetics develop some form of eye problems.

When I think about blindness I'm not afraid. Instead I'm more thankful for the reality of sight. My only fear is that I might forget what people and things look like. When you haven't seen someone in a long time and you try to see his face in your mind, it becomes more and more difficult until you eventually resort to a photograph. With blindness, there are no photographs. It's all gone. Will my memories fade until there is nothing?

As a result of this fear I have become more conscious of the world around me. I see things that others don't bother to notice. If I stare at a sunset or a moonrise, it's because I want to memorize every detail even though I know I can't. I find wonder in the beautiful, ornate patterns of raindrops dripping down a window pane. I sit for hours spying on little creatures and am eager for spring when the pond's edge will be clustered with tadpoles. I try to be aware of every signal that nature gives us of impending beauty. Beauty comes to me in the form of an innocent violet, or a rainfall, or the first star at night, and I watch for these things with a frightening urgency. I know that my awareness would not be so acute if I did not face the possibility of losing my sight someday.

I walk and I explore and I live. Even days when I wake up and a few toes or my foot is numb, knowing that it will be hours or days before they'll be normal again, I regard each day as a unique creation. I know that people laugh at me for my obsession with wonders like the surprise of a prism when the light strikes it, or for standing in a parking lot staring at a sunset or a rainbow. I get laughed at for walking through a puddle instead of around it. But I know that I may not always see, and may not always walk. Maybe people think I sound kind of sappy with all my "glory of nature" crap. That's okay. I know what I almost missed out on, and I know what I may have to face tomorrow. I also know what I have now—today.

Seedcrowns
for Brendan Galvin

Birdcall and greenshine lure me
over fields lush with summer,
and toward the pine farm and hardwood forest

I forage, no Dante, here less for loss
than to find new shapes to praise
as the sun makes open space too clear to bear.

The last white flowers cling soft
to stems—boneset and everlasting,
yarrow's high clusters, fine cohosh like miters—

the path is fringed with meanings
just one who lives with pain can
name as joy—wild onion, ironweed, swamp pink

shy in maple shade. I walk through
planted files of spruce or long-leaf
pine. It's noon and spider webs I feel and taste,

but seldom see, are dry. Crows flee
and jeer, fly slowly enough to
make me think they bear night's weight.

I cross the deadfall gorge east
and listen for a chatter other
than cicadas. The rattlers here love logs and

surprise. They coil like thick
whips and suck their fangs, but
life's too short to give much thought to fear.

Pussywillows wedge up from mud.
I fox a trail through tall sawgrass
and heat-curved thistles. Could the lynx's track

lead to blood in this damp chapel?
Light frets through the quiet trees
where seeds loosen and wait for a provident wind.

A tanager's trill too high for
dust or fear incites me on, down
to the draw where a creek seeks stillness in rock

it drills to rondure with that
constant whisper that promises
death is just dream and wrath a shadow, lighter

than that feather left as token
by the fled tanager's song. Here
moss supplies the fine text that praises walks,

the ear primed for music, eyes
intent on pattern. From the banks
red roots spill into thirsty air. Fresh prints

of two deer, nibbled oak corns,
quick minnows here then gone—
all signs that hidden life goes on, a storm of

selfless motion, breath. Wind prays
to itself amid well-fed leaves,
and a tortoise shell bleached back to basic bone

says even loss leaves form,
secret amid succulent ferns.
Still late June, but the stones are darkly cool,

creating a sanctum for rest
far from the leashed hound's
bark, grind of a straining pump, the telephone.

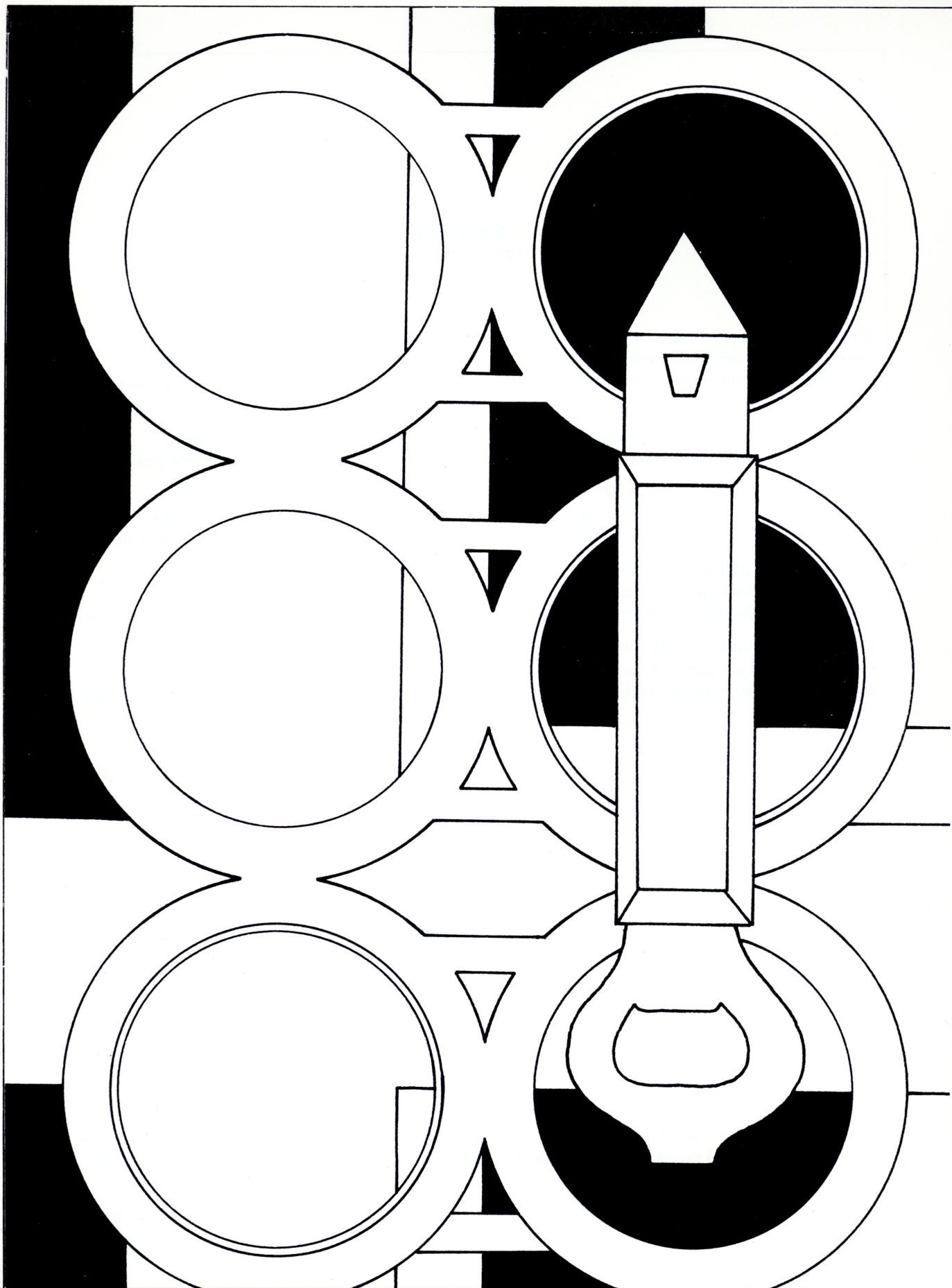
Soon I'll have to tramp back
the short way through soft rush
and gamma grass, the densities of tall bluestem

waving white tassels at any hint
of wind. Perhaps I'll brush
the fragile seedcrowns and carry down the pasture

and over the road a few snagged
riders asking for fresh land. I can
reach home refreshed, perhaps, by dark with seeds

clinging to my clothes like
stars, which are not the wild
stuff of life itself, but perhaps the chance.

R. T. Smith



Twenty years ago, John Updike wrote an elegant, brief essay on the demise of the old-fashioned beer can. He deplored the new-fangled pop-top opener and its perils of lacerated lips, broken fingernails, and infuriating failures of operation. Moreover, he waxed eloquent in his praises of the church key and its aesthetic pleasures, the perfect triangular punctures and the inviting hiss of liberated malt and hops. He recommended, finally, that those of us for whom progress represents regression merely turn the beer can upside down and proceed as usual with the church key, for, twenty years ago, the bottom of the beer can was still constructed with a convenient rim, the way the tops used to be.

No longer are simple options available to us. Updike allowed that some psychic discomfort might result from the inverted beer-can label, so he urged that brewers design a label which would read the same right-side-up or upside down to placate the neurotic and the conservative. But, alas. Many years have passed, and not only have the brewers failed to exhibit such innovative, creative thinking, but they have pushed us even further into the dark ages in the name of progress. No longer are the bottoms of beer cans constructed with a tidy, sturdy, perpendicular rim. Instead, we are introduced to the beveled bottom to promote stackability—gone forever are the rims required for the hook of the church key. The round-bottom beer can nestles snugly into the rimmed top of the can directly below it on the shelf of our friendly neighborhood dispenser of malts and spirits.

THE CHURCH KEY: A Sort of Eulogy

BY JAMES P. HAMMERSMITH

The advent of the plastic hanger, the indestructible strip of poly-something which binds six cans of beer together in eternal brotherhood, has spawned the beveled bottom, a stroke of evil thinking which causes one six-pack of beer to perch regally atop another without slippage, spillage, or hostility to the balance of carbonation and base elements. Alas, Babylon. The Chinese boxes of premium beer must surely be upon us.

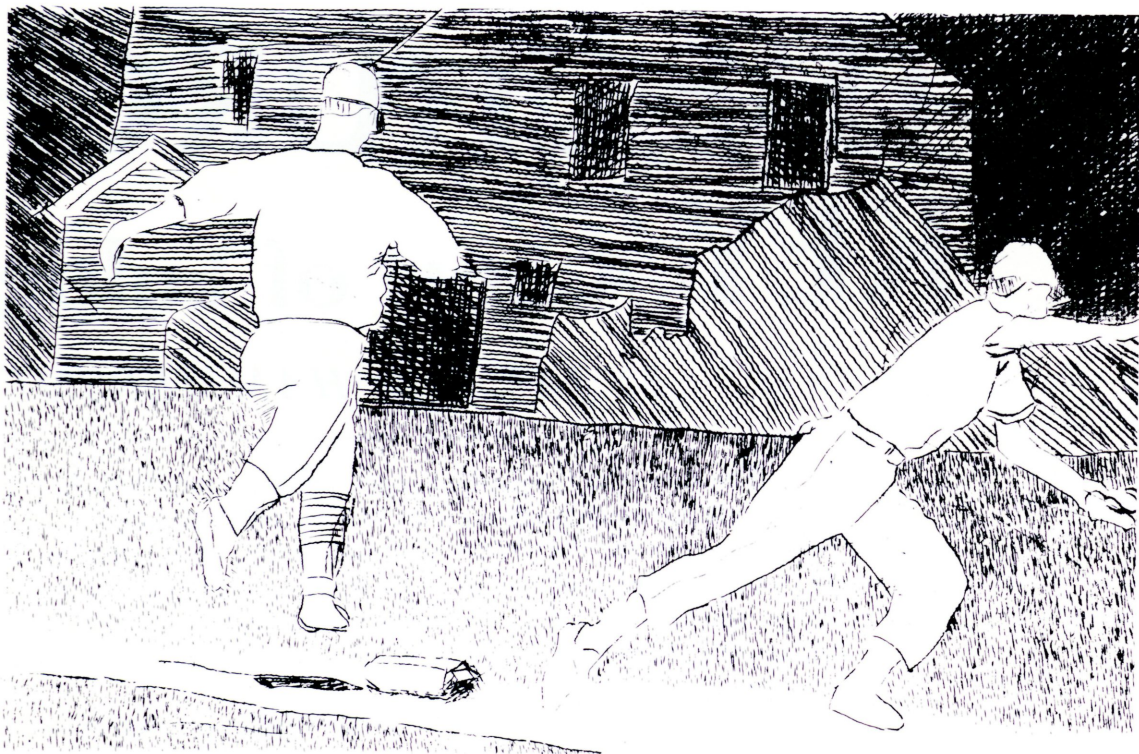
We are thus deprived, of course, of the Updike solution to pop-tops. And yet it has been a gradual disintegration of aesthetics, for it used to be that only those cans destined to be Fraternally strapped together in six-pack Orders carried the beveled bottoms; time was that cans in twelve-pack cartons still had rims on the top and bottom. No doubt

economic feasibility rang the death knell, as a single-format beer can must have been deemed more efficient to produce—if history teaches us nothing else, it teaches us repeatedly that art is forever indentured to financial expediency. The result is that even those cans which need not nestle at all are now capable of the most intimate nestling ever known to beer cans.

We lament therefore the passing of a rich piece of cultural heritage. I am reminded of Don Crawford's bit of patter concerning the relationship between coat hangers and church keys, for its pertinence depends upon *two* pieces of cultural heritage which have long since passed away. His theory was that, because of the inevitable proliferation of coat hangers in every American closet and because of the equally inevitable disappearance of church keys at crucial moments, it could not be otherwise than that church keys are coat hangers in the larval stage. Now, of course, coat hangers must be purchased at local discount houses, and church keys are difficult to come by at any price. Indeed, my experience has been that most college students do not know what a

church key is, though they have some familiarity with coat hangers.

And yet further woe has descended upon us, for the situation is even more bleak than appears in this brief summary. Time was when the *other* end of a church key, the rounded end, would serve to open a *bottle* of beer. And so, while we are in a lamenting mood, let us lament as well the invention of the twist-off bottle cap, for which the church key is utterly superfluous. And yet let us venture a prediction: generations hence, legions of children will be running to their daddies because they, poor tots, are too feeble to wrench the pop-tops off their beer cans or to twist the caps off their beer bottles, and there is, in this world of experience, no other means of getting at the nutritious malt and hops awaiting their eager bodies and palates. Then will it oft be lamented that the greatest lever ever invented in the history of Mankind, the most essential tool of civilized life, has disappeared forever from the face of the earth.



PRINT BY KERRY MCKINNEY

The Blossoming

Silurian.

430-440 million years.

Multicellular organisms.

1300 million years.

Origin of the protoplanet earth.

5000 million years.

Outside my window there is
A coarse red clay embankment.
A strip of metamorphosed rocks
Running through the center.
200 million years.

Crushing across the red
an asphalt road. A
Chevrolet. An
Aluminum can.
5 years.
10 years.
6 months.

The strange children of that red
Clay.
Aluminum.
Steel.
Asphalt.

I stare at my hand
Full of soft clay dotted with
Mica.

The embankment tumbles.
Covers the
Asphalt the
Chevrolet the
Aluminum can.

Three million years.
A bone.
5 bones.
A hand.

3 million years.
A strange dandelion blossoms
Between the fingers.

Carolyn Reed



PHOTOGRAPH BY CINDY HALL

Integration Zero to Infinity

Do you see
How each day is small?
Each small day
Next to another
Small day
All lined up
Endlessly

Integration to infinity
Yet the whole of a day—
Wide sky
Bright sun
Crisp, cool winter
Clear, sharp night—
Becomes a point
In time
From point to point
A vastness within
Each endless day

Integration to infinity
A change in perspective
Point of view
Aspect
Intention
Changes endless small days
To vastness of

Infinity

Laurie Hodges

NONE FOR THE ROAD

BY PETER BUTTON

Alcohol: to some college students, it's lifeblood, to many an occasional relaxant, and to everyone a potential problem; even teetotalers are killed by drunk drivers. Almost everyone has indulged in what former *Plainsman* Editor Tim Dorsey called "nights of bad judgment," and usually the worst judgment of all is, "I'm all right; I can drive." Statistics indicate otherwise: half of the 50,000 annual traffic fatalities are alcohol-related; millions of other people are crippled or maimed. The problem is that statistics are difficult to remember after the fifth or sixth margarita.

The aftermath of such lapses of memory is Laura Shevlin's business. Shevlin, a toxicologist at the State Toxicology Lab on Wire Road, analyzes biological samples for the presence of alcohol. A department of the State of Alabama, the Toxicology Lab maintains what Shevlin describes as "a working co-op relationship" with the University, and is wholly independent of law enforcement agencies. Cases from all over the state are referred to the lab, usually by police departments, though occasionally by defendants, and Shevlin has testified for both sides. In court she provides expert witness in cases involving alcohol, usually

vehicular homicide or manslaughter, and also advises attorneys involved in such cases. "I've had many lawyers ask me, 'What questions should I ask you?'" she laughs.

When a case is referred to her, a biological sample, usually blood, is sent to the lab for analysis. The sample and what is called an "internal standard" are put into a sealed vial. Vapor from the sample is drawn off and processed through a gas chromatograph, a large, complicated-looking machine which analyzes the sample for the presence of volatile chemicals such as ethyl alcohol. The gas chromatograph (which Shevlin cryptically refers to as the "gc") yields what is called a chromatogram, which is simply a list of the volatile chemicals in the blood and their concentrations. From this analysis comes the determination of Blood Alcohol Content or BAC, the legal basis for determining whether someone is drunk. In Alabama, as in most states, a BAC of .10 percent is the point at which one is considered to be too impaired to drive. This number has assumed great importance now that Alabama and many other states have tightened DUI enforcement and toughened penalties, largely in response to such organizations as

Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD).

But this is all after the fact. What most concerns Shevlin is that she believes that many people cannot tell when they shouldn't drive. In illustration, she points to the new videotape method of DUI enforcement. It consists simply of the videotaping of a person suspected of DUI while he answers a few questions and performs simple tasks (not, incidentally, the stereotypical touch-the-nose-from-outstretched-arms-with-the-head-back-while-standing-on-one-foot type, tasks which are truly difficult to perform while *sobber*). Many people insist on their sobriety until confronted with reproduced evidence of their drunken state. The police use tapes like these to supplement questionable BAC counts, which fall in the legal gray area between .06 and .09 percent. This sort of proof is often necessary because of the time lapse, sometimes hours, between the arrest and the taking of a sample for analysis. Attorneys may successfully contest a Breathalyzer analysis, but drunkenness is like the judge's pronouncement on pornography: "I know it when I see it." For instance, Shevlin was involved in a case where a man with a .08 percent BAC hit another

car, resulting in injuries to its occupants. The police (perhaps because of his barely-legal BAC) made no case against him, but the victims of the crash took the man to civil court. There, on the basis of testimony by medical personnel at the scene and Shevlin herself, the court decided in favor of the victims. "My part," she explains, "was to discuss the impairment still likely even at .08, and the effect of the time lapse between accident and sample."

Shevlin is more worried about the increasing number of young women who drink and drive. "With drinking becoming more socially acceptable for women," she says, "we see more and more teenage and college-age female drunk drivers." As a rule of thumb it takes between four and five beers in an hour for a male of 150 pounds to get drunk; the amount varies with weight, amount of food in his stomach, physical condition (tired, etc.), and the speed of consumption (chuggers versus sippers). Women take the male equation, scale it down to account for body-weight difference, and drink away. At midnight they say, "I haven't had as much as you; let me drive." Then what happened to two Auburn students not long ago is liable to happen again: A girl with a BAC of .13 percent was driving her date home. She had an accident; her date was killed, and she was convicted of DUI. The tragic thing is that his BAC was only .08—he was likely to be much less impaired and a better driver.

This situation arises, Shevlin explains, from the physical differences between the male and female bodies. Females have a higher percentage of body fat (usually about 15 percent compared to a male's 8-10 percent) which is slow to absorb alcohol, so that women actually have less body mass to disperse alcohol, a condition which results in a higher concentration



PRINT BY STAN REYNOLDS

of alcohol in the blood, nerves, and muscles. Most women don't know this, and Shevlin has seen the number of drunk female drivers rise considerably in the last four years.

To combat this ignorance of personal drinking limits, as prevalent in males as in females, Shevlin would like to see such things as legislation which would not only allow but perhaps require a bartender to take the keys of an obviously drunk driver and call him a cab. Simpler and cheaper, Breathalyzers may be installed in bars, as blood-pressure machines

are in malls. This would be to the bars' advantage, Shevlin explains, since she has seen many cases recently in which a bar or lounge was a co-defendant in a civil suit against a drunken driver.

The bottom line to Shevlin is personal responsibility. She would not require a drinking driver to take a Breathalyzer test in his favorite bar, merely encourage it. And if he refuses it, she says, let him take the consequences. "If a person is old enough to drink, he or she is old enough to be responsible for his drinking."



No man is an island, they say, and I suppose that nowadays no place is isolated, what with TV's and radios and the like. But each spot on this terrestrial sandbox is a home to somebody, and the rest of the world is second-rate to that somebody, and whatever part of the world that somebody sees will be shadowed and colored by the spot they're from. For me, the world is either hillier or drier or prettier or uglier or busier than Fish River. The ideal cedar tree, the ideal red clay bank or sandbar, the ideal dirt road, all hang in my memory of Fish River and the land around. I say "memory" because it's changed now. Sure, my perceptions have changed, too, but the memory of old perceptions hasn't changed, and I remember how I perceived it *then*—and it's different now. Case closed.

FISH RIVER

BY LANCE MOORE

Back then it was a majestic river, not in the haughty way of kings and queens, but in the mystic manner of Augustine or Joan of Arc or even some valiant savage who conquered the prairies long before white men came. That's a fairer comparison than to say, "It's like a little Mississippi," or "a flowing Walden Pond," because it's more alive than that. It wasn't an exciting river—no falls or rapids or mountain walls—but it ran wide and deep and strong, a proud father to a shoving crowd of cedars, oaks, pines, ferns, and vines that lined up on the banks, stretching and clawing with naked roots to drink. And the river must have harbored unseen armies of fish, because the sea-birds found them in numbers, and my Dad would catch them and make us catch them, and many others hunted them.

It was the fish that called people there in those days, when I was young and ski-boats weren't fashionable. In those days, houses grew in abundance along the river—homes for fishermen and would-be fishermen—but on such a long and winding waterway, you could ride for hours, like Bogart on the "African Queen," without seeing more than one or two cabins—and even those blended with the antiquity of the forests, camouflaged by grey Spanish moss which hung from every tree. Now the boats race sleek and fast, the houses grow sleek and fast, and the Spanish moss has moved to better neighborhoods, I guess. Something more than privacy vanished; a friend died, and decayed, and became nothing. Still, the memories are here, and everlasting.

I remember the feeling—more than a feeling—of diving down deep into the clear darkness to the point of no more air or no more nerve, and jetting to the surface, tingling from the fear of no bottom to touch, and for an instant, no surface either. They claimed that at spots it ran too deep for divers, along with other claims of sunken barges and pirate boats, so I told myself I'd learn to skin-dive someday to prove them wrong. I never did. Dealy, one of the first of the water-skiers, learned to dive, and brought his tanks to the river once. I remember his head popping up and saying, as he pulled his mask back, "It's spooky down there."

"Why?" I queried.

"Because it's so *dark*!"

Of course, I wasn't afraid of the river. Even in the deepest darkness, I knew waiting above me was a burnished surface, where sun met water, where I could return with a kick of my feet. And I rarely swam alone; my cousins or brothers were nearby, and together we made the river an amusement park, not a house of horror. Jumping from trees or bridges was always great sport—or a test of age and mettle, depending upon the heights. If a tree angled out over the water, we harnessed it with rope swings and flew like Tarzan, waiting for the last moment to jump and plunge.

As we grew older, we became explorers and naturalists; we'd canoe up-river where it changed to creek, where the water sparkled diamond and ice, gurgling over white sand and worn-out pebbles. The river became a new world there, pristine and virginal, and there I'd sit, feet dipped in the current, on a knurled log, and wax philosophic. Once, an ant came walking across the water, like Jesus, oblivious to the current, and to me. I envied the ant, so graceful and contented, and wondered aloud if he were not my superior, at least in lifestyle. The ant remained non-committal, so I pursued the question with a small stick, harassing him to test his endurance. With the ant nearly drowned, and satisfied that I had the upper hand, I concluded, also aloud, that men were indeed superior to ants.

In time, I drifted toward a city life, and when I would return to Fish River, I came with sleek, fast friends to water-ski. Some new century had come with me, wrenching changes in the landscape and almost in my soul. The memories remained unchanged but buried, under urban notions of elegance and style, under ideas of worthless immediacy. Until I had the dream.

I murdered the man. He stood, pistol poised and directed toward my face, in front of my car. Without explanation, I knew it was him or me. I drove the pedal hard against the floorboard and felt the solid

thump of flesh under steel and watched the body crumple and bleed. Instantly I woke, shaking, sweaty, and not entirely satisfied that it was just a dream. It felt more like a vision, vivid and frightening, in which I was not a participant, but an observer, a passenger coalescing to an unchangeable direction.

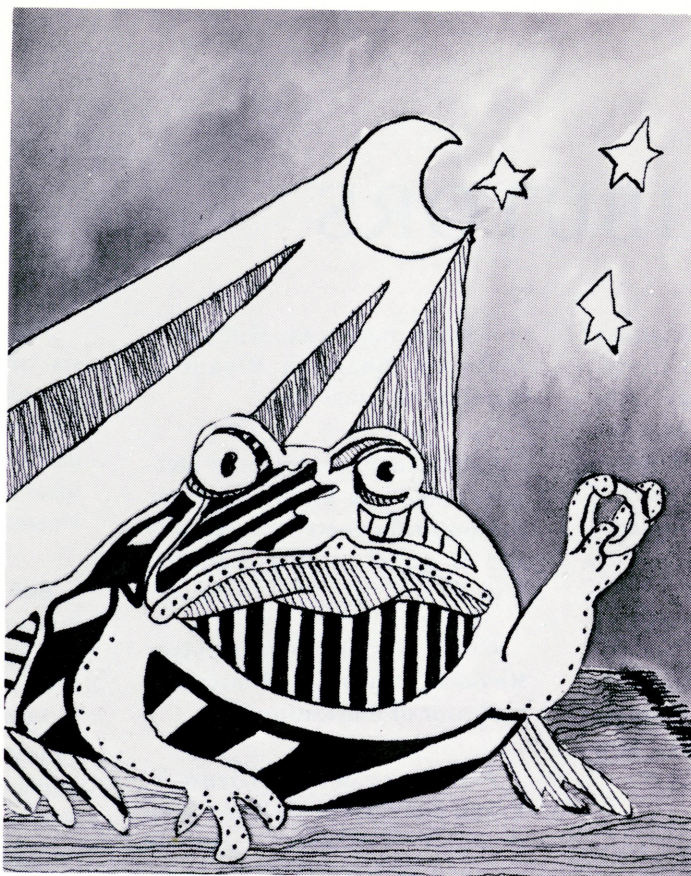
Eventually, the morning came with a call from a friend. It was Labor Day, a day for barbecues and frivolities, neither of which appealed to me. She suggested an alternative: a day at the river. One thing was certain—I needed a change, and there seemed no better place for changes.

It was a beautiful day in every sense, and I soon forgot the nightmare by watching clouds roll and tumble, or by floating face-up in the cold creek water. Then I frolicked with my companion's dog on the sand, and together we hiked along the slanted banks. The dog's keen senses found a swarm of water-bugs swirling in a cosmic water-ballet, which held my thoughts while my friend walked past. The sudden whimpering of the dog shook my thoughts loose, and something urged me to spin around. There on the bank between my friend and me a moccasin lay, sunning itself. To be honest, the moccasin wasn't threatening; it wasn't coiled or hissing, or even very large. It seemed more at home than we were, sprawled comfortably on the warm bank, its earthy color alive against the iridescent green moss. But I knew its poison could kill us, so I held the dog firmly by the collar, ready to unleash his bared teeth upon the snake. Then, a peace came over me, a calmness I had long forgotten, like the return of some fond memory; with the snake at bay I persuaded my friend to move away, and once she found safety, I pulled the anxious Doberman back and watched the serpent glide softly to freedom.

Some might say I should have killed that snake, but it really doesn't matter. There's plenty of them on the river, I suppose. From where I stood, nothing I could do would change Fish River. It ebbed and flowed with eternal confidence, constantly embarking and arriving at its sure destination. There, in the distance, a storm cloud had begun to cast shadows, but now changed its mind and drifted back across the ocean, revealing a shimmering light that embraced every ripple and shallow of Fish River and me.



DRAWING BY
DAMA RIDDICK



BY STAN REYNOLDS

Stardate 8404.11

Face—
 The spinal frontier.
 These are the prizes
 Of the inter-starship Voyeur Age:
 These wives, these kitchens.*
 To speak out new gripes
 And new grammifications...**
 To, too boldly, know preservatives
 And split infinitives
 Where no man has au revoir.

Mark Vines

*Some early manuscripts read:
 'Any fives?' 'Go fishing'.
 **Possibly a cynical and self-
 serving reference to the Grammy
 Awards, although, to be sure, it is
 difficult to be sure.

CONTRIBUTORS

Employed as an Information Specialist with the Auburn Cooperative Extension Service, **Jim Allen** is a Florida native who has had poems published in the *Sewanee Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Southern Humanities Review*.

Professor of Philosophy **Robert V. Andelson** has served on the *Circle* Faculty Editorial Advisory Board since its inception. He is the author of two books dealing with ethics.

Humanities librarian **Glenn Anderson** holds M.A. degrees in literature and library science. He edits the newsletter "Auburn Library Topics" and serves on the *Circle* Faculty Editorial Advisory Board.

An instructor in the English department, **Nadya Belins** serves on the *Circle* Faculty Editorial Advisory Board.

Journalism major **David Benson** is on the *Circle* Editorial Board and writes for the *Plainsman* entertainment staff, in addition to creating bizarre works of fiction. He will graduate in June.

Circle Staff Assistant **Fleming Blackburn** is a local lakeside resident and craftsman.

Professor Emeritus of English **Norman A. Brittin** serves on the *Circle* Faculty Editorial Advisory Board. A poet and painter, he is the author of several books, including two biographies.

A sophomore from Millbrook, Alabama, **Shannon Bryant** is majoring in visual arts.

Still the only comparative literature major he knows of, **Peter Button** writes poetry occasionally and is on the *Circle* Editorial Board.

Circle Faculty Art Advisor **Richard Dendy** is an assistant professor of illustration.

Plainsman writer **Glenn T. Eskew** describes himself as a "conservative Southerner." He will graduate in June.

Mark Estes is not an atheist. He is a senior in physics who hopes to go to graduate school.

Assistant Editor **Mari Beth Evans** is a junior majoring in math.

Junior **Allie Fredrick** enjoys playing the piano and the violin.

Francis Ginanni received his Ph.D in English from Auburn in 1970. He presently teaches at Middle Tennessee State University.

Speech major **Katy Ginanni** will graduate in June. A Murfreesboro, Tenn. native, she enjoys modeling for the art department.

Kim Graham is a senior visual arts major.

Malcolm Gray, former croquet champion, studied abroad and now resides in Auburn, delving into his literary being.

Just completing her honors thesis on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Editorial Board member **Elizabeth Gregory** will graduate in June. She will enter the doctoral program in English at the University of Rochester in the fall.

Bob Griesie, a freshman majoring in aviation management, works at a local pizza emporium.

Plainsman entertainment editor **Cindy Hall** enjoys photography and watercolors. A senior in journalism, she collects wind chimes.

Shakespeare specialist **James P. Hammersmith** is an associate professor in the English department.

English major **Bart Harmon** is the S.G.A. assistant spirit director in charge of Aubie.

Senior **William David Hartshorn** is an English major graduating this quarter and moving on to do something else for awhile.

Tom Hilliard is a freshman majoring in political science. He is interested in science fiction and "everything else."

Gregory Peck fan **Blair Hobbs** is an English major who plays the harp and brings interesting flowers to the *Circle* office.

Laurie Hodges is a graduate student in botany.

Former philosophy major **Jan Hosey** recently changed her major to English. She will graduate in December.

Compiled by Gary Parker and Christian Crabtree

Auburn graduate **Jim Howland** will soon enter graduate school in political science.

A senior double-majoring in journalism and English, **Mary Ellen Hughes** hopes to earn a living by writing.

Circle Faculty Editorial Advisory Board member **Madison Jones** is Auburn's University Writer-in-Residence. His latest book is *Season of the Strangler*.

Sophomore journalism major **Jody Kamins** writes for the *Plainsman* in addition to being on the *Circle* Editorial Board. She is interested in theology, art, and Russian.

Peter Kelley is a junior visual arts major from Nashville.

Auburn graduate **Bill Lester** will soon enter medical school at the University of Alabama at Birmingham. He finds poetry safer than sky-diving.

Jimmy Locke is a junior in visual arts.

Circle Faculty Editorial Advisory Board member **Mickey Logue** is a professor of journalism.

Editor of the *Auburn Alumnews* **Kaye Lovvorn** is working toward an M.A. in English. She is the faculty advisor to the *Circle*.

Visual design major **Kerry McKinney** will graduate in June.

Junior English major **Lance Moore** is also a Methodist minister.

Mike Moyle is an instructor in the English department.

Gary Parker is a senior in English or philosophy. He is looking forward to graduation so he can think clearly and write.

Professor Emeritus of Foreign Languages **Alexander Posniak** serves on the *Circle* Faculty Editorial Advisory Board.

Liz Phythyon is a senior in visual arts.

Hemingway enthusiast **Hank Raulerson** is a senior in English.

English major **Carolyn Reed** is interested in oral history. She enjoys writing and playing the cello and is transferring to the University of Texas.

Billy Renkl, a senior majoring in visual arts, will graduate in June 1985.

Margaret Renkl, a senior majoring in English, will happily graduate in June.

Stan Reynolds is a senior majoring in fine arts.

Dama Riddick is a junior majoring in journalism. She enjoys drawing and classical piano and hopes to travel and document the world.

Karen Rouse is a junior in visual arts.

Senior **Sally Russell** will graduate with a double-major in English and French. She hopes to join the circus.

Alumni Writer-in-Residence **R.T. Smith** is an assistant professor in the English department. His most recent book of poems is *Finding the Path*.

Staff Assistant **Lisa Spillers** is a sophomore majoring in computer science.

Stephanie Taugner is a senior in visual arts.

Circle business manager **Scott Thomas** is a sophomore from Orlando, Florida.

Former University of Alabama student **Mark Vines** attended Auburn in the summer of 1982. He is presently a resident of Birmingham.

Auburn City Council member **Charlotte Ward** is an associate professor of physics. She also serves on the *Circle* Faculty Editorial Advisory Board.

David Scott Ward is a senior in English education who despises all forms of totalitarianism.

Auburn native **Wallace Whatley** teaches English at Tuskegee Institute. The most recent issues of *Arachne* and *Xanadu* featured poems from Whatley's book, *Deer Crossing*.

English major **Laura A. Wright** is an Auburn native whose interests are poetry, classical piano, and her dog Phineas.

Dave York is an occasional student employed by Diversified Products where he works with a team of robots building bicycles.

